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A THRILLING SCENE IN EAST TENNESSEE—COLONEL FRY AND THE UNION MEN SWEARING BY THE FLAG.—[See Page 203.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

☞ The Publishers of *Harper's Weekly* congratulate their readers upon the appearance in Number 272 of the first part of a new serial tale entitled "No Name," by Wilkie Collins, Esq., author of "The Woman in White." Its opening gives promise of the same wonderful power and matchless dramatic skill which entranced the readers of "The Woman in White." It is seldom that a periodical is enabled to furnish its subscribers with such a series of attractive tales as have appeared consecutively for the past two years in *Harper's Weekly*, from the pens of Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Bulwer. The commencement of this Tale affords a good opportunity for parties residing in the country to form clubs, and obtain *Harper's Weekly* at the reduced price of subscription.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 29, 1862.

PROGRESS OF VICTORY.

ISLAND No. 10 is ours! It couldn't stand Commodore Foote's mortar-shelling, and seems to have surrendered after one day's fighting, abandoning to us quantities of stores, guns, ammunition, etc., which the rebels can not replace. How the garrison escaped, if they did escape, remains to be ascertained. Thus falls the second rebel strong-hold on the Mississippi.

The next is Randolph, which Commodore Foote will probably have assailed before this paper reaches the public eye. But meanwhile we have authentic intelligence that Generals Smith and M'Clernand are at Savannah, Tennessee, in the rear of Memphis and below Randolph, with the victorious army from Fort Donelson, probably 30,000 strong. Thus Randolph is flanked as Columbus was, and if the garrison fight unsuccessfully there, their escape is cut off. Will they not deem it wise to anticipate the inevitable event by another evacuation? And if they do, will not Memphis follow the example of Nashville before another week elapses?

At the hour we write, Commodore Porter, with a powerful flotilla of mortar and gun boats, is thundering at the gates of New Orleans. What resistance he will meet no one can tell. One account states that every adult in New Orleans is under arms, drilling daily under the traitor Mansfield Lovell, late of New York. Another says that there are not 8000 troops below Baton Rouge. It is stated that the rebels have one or two iron-clad rams there, which may, perhaps, if they are ready, run down two or three of the gun-boats. But of the final result of the attack there can be no reasonable doubt. New Orleans, like Nashville and Memphis, will object to be shelled, and early in April, if not late in March, Foote and Porter will shake hands under the glorious old flag in the Lower Mississippi.

Of movements nearer home it is not yet lawful to speak. General Joe Johnston has fallen back upon a new defensive line along the Rappahannock and Rapidan, and is waiting to be attacked. General M'Clellan is in the field with an army which must be fully double that of Johnston, and is choosing his point of attack. Where that point will be, a few days will show. The public may rest assured that it will not be where the rebels expect it.

A leading foreign critic, describing the position of the hostile armies three months ago, PRONOUNCED THE LINE FROM NORFOLK, THROUGH MANASSAS AND BOWLING GREEN TO COLUMBUS, PERFECTLY IMPREGNABLE, and predicted that every attack made by General M'Clellan upon that line would fail. He said that it was stronger than the famous Italian Quadrilateral. If any one had told him that within three months from that time Manassas, Bowling Green, and Columbus would be abandoned by the rebels without firing a gun, and that the garrisons would be scattering in dismay, without arms and without stores, throughout the South, he would probably have been less surprised than he will be to hear that the General whose genius has contrived these results is being savagely and brutally abused for his incompetency by the New York *Tribune*.

M'CLELLAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

The following is an extract from an Order of the Day issued by General M'Clellan from Fairfax Court House on 14th instant:

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac!

For a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed, and instructed. The formidable artillery you now have had to be created. Other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. I have held you back that you might give the death-blow to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country.

The patience you have shown, and your confidence in your General, are worth a dozen victories. These preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit. The Army of the Potomac is now a real army, magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, and excellently equipped and armed. Your commanders are all that I could wish. The moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust in you to save our country. As I ride through your ranks I see in your faces the sure prestige of vict[illegible] will do whatever I ask of you. The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you now face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right!

These words will thrill the heart of every soldier on the Potomac. M'Clellan, like Napoleon, is a believer in the efficacy of military eloquence: his addresses to his soldiers, from his first march into Western Virginia, are the true lyrics of the war. If you wish to ascertain wherein true eloquence consists, compare his addresses with the tawdry performances of Joe Johnson the rebel, "General" Howell Cobb, and the other military propagandists of slavery.

Lest any of the soldiers in the Army of the Potomac should be so weak of heart and mind as to be misled from the path of duty by the dastardly and atrocious attacks upon General M'Clellan which have garnished one or two despicable newspapers published in this city, the Major-General Commanding adds:

In whatever direction you may move, however strange my actions may appear to you, ever bear in mind that my fate is linked with yours, and that all I do is to bring you where I know you wish to be—on the decisive battle-field. It is my business to place you there.

* * * * * * *

I shall demand of you great, heroic exertions, rapid and long marches, desperate combats, privations perhaps. We will share all these together, and when this sad war is over we will all return to our homes, and feel that we can ask no higher honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the Army of the Potomac.

These brief, manly sentences fulfill the highest requirements of military eloquence. A single unanswerable argument disposes of the cavilers who have assailed M'Clellan with the weapon of their own ignorance: the closing appeal will rouse whatever is manly and noble and truly heroic in the breast of his troops.

None of Napoleon's justly famed "Orders" reveals a higher order of genius, or promises better results than this Address of General M'Clellan's.

If he can fight as well as he writes, the Army of the Potomac will win imperishable glory.

THE KEY TO RUSSELL.

The following letter is worth perusal:

Washington, *March* 15, 1862.

....Your New York papers are rather hard on Russell, of the London *Times*, for his mistakes about this country and the singular ill-fortune which has attended his predictions. Yet I venture to say that the Doctor has been more sinned against than sinning. He is a genial, whole-souled Irishman, fond of good company, good liquor, and racy talk; as a writer, possessed of remarkable descriptive power and a thorough mastery of British newspaper slang; withal, not much given to do his own thinking, not a good judge of character, and not endowed with the faculty of analyzing the acts of men and nations, or finding the real causes of the events he witnesses. He is by trade a reporter, and a very good one. His misfortune has been that when he has been out of reach of his employers he has never known what to report, and has been the victim of any one who chose to impose upon him.

When he first arrived in New York he fell among foreign bankers, New York club men, and that exclusive circle of aristocrats whose foreign sympathies are so notorious, and who have no more understanding of or influence over the American mind than the Mandarins of Pekin. They told him—what they undoubtedly believed—that the Union was gone, and that the North would not fight: and he, poor man, wrote the whole to the *Times* to appear side by side with the accounts of the Great Uprising.

On his return from the South, warned by previous experience, he eschewed the commercial metropolis, and established his head-quarters here. Through the influence of Lord Lyons and some of our leading snobs he obtained ready admittance to our "best society," and from that time to this we have owned him and inspired his letters. Every idea, and many whole sentences in his recent letters he has picked up in conversation here.

You must understand that Washington is almost as Southern a city as Charleston. Though the number of slaves actually held here is small, the influence of the leading Southern men who have resided here, wholly or in part, for the past ten or twenty years, has been so marked that in no city of the Union is the slavery interest stronger, in good society, than in the Federal Capital. It is disreputable, in our leading circles, to object to the institution. In the estimation of our good families a Southerner is naturally a gentleman, a Northerner naturally a low fellow. There have been exceptions to the latter rule; as for instance our friend Mr. Bright, ex-Senator from Indiana, who was always welcome in good houses. But the rule itself has been so well established that I have known Northern men, after a short residence here, feel so ashamed of their origin that they not only pocketed their principles but tried to deny their birth-place. It is hardly necessary to add that our "best society," thus principled, is decidedly in favor of the South in the present contest. Our views in this respect harmonize admirably with those of the leading foreign ministers. The South has no better friends any where than M. Mercier, who represents France, and M. Stoeckel, who represents Russia. These gentlemen are noisy in their admiration of the rebels, and in their contemptuous pity for the deluded North. They were certain, before the affair at Fort Donelson, that the North could win no victory, and wrote as much to their courts. So did other foreign ministers. The whole feeling of the diplomatic corps has been so emphatically hostile to the United States that a man who was invited to a diplomatic dinner came away convinced that it was all up with the country, and that Europe was going to recognize the rebels early next morning.

Here you have the key to poor Bombastes' nonsense. He has merely repeated what he has heard any time those six or eight months in diplomatic and fashionable circles in this city.

It was in the power of General M'Clellan and the President to set him right; but they had other fish to fry. I suppose they are very sorry for him. Seward is, I'm sure!

THE LOUNGER.

AGITATION.

"It is very easy to say that slavery caused the rebellion. But why didn't you let slavery alone? Why were you always agitating? Why were you forever roaring and raving about slavery, which was none of your business?"

Such is the secret question of many honest minds. But if they were as intelligent as they are honest they would not ask it. *For slavery would always have been let alone by the country if it had let the country alone.* If it had been content with its own proposition, that it was a local and a State institution, the country, confident that the Slave States would gradually be compelled to provide for its peaceful extinction, would have pitied and deplored, but it would not have divided politically upon the question.

But when slavery, claiming, on one side, for immunity, that it was a State affair, and on the other, for aggression, that it was established and protected by the National Constitution—in pursuance of that claim disputed upon the soil of New York the law of New York forbidding it—sought to occupy the Territories, and exclude and disgrace free white labor—and picked a quarrel with Mexico, and tried to pick another with Spain to get more slaves and more slave-territory, with consequent preferred slave-representation in Congress—repealed the most sacred compacts, and made the Supreme Court declare, without any case to decide, that slavery was lawful wherever the Constitution bound, then the country said, We must conquer slavery, or slavery will conquer us.

The laboring men—who are the great mass of the people—knowing that by their natural increase they and their children must look for homes to the fertile fields of the great Western Territories, saw that slavery disputed the ground; that the great slave-holders would engross vast estates to be covered with slaves; and that, in fact, slavery had its hand upon their bread-and-butter. The common sense of the laboring white men in the country saw that the slave-holders meant to fill their places in the new States with slaves. Consequently the slavery politicians at the North and the South vainly bawled themselves hoarse about State Rights, and the inferiority of the negroes, and their fitness to be slaves, and the wickedness of abolitionists who wanted to bring slaves to the North to fill the places of white laborers; for the mass of the people instinctively answered: "If it be a State affair, let it stay at home in the States: if the negroes are inferior, and born to be slaves, poor devils! we are sorry for them, but it's none of our business: it is a State affair: and as for the wicked abolitionists, why, is it any wickeder to fill our places with black men in the old States than in the new? You are trying to get hold of our future homes, and to disgrace the labor by which we live." And in every one of the Free States they spurned, by tremendous majorities, the transparent trick of slavery.

It was because slavery would not let the country alone, but was forever agitating it by frantic efforts to expand beyond its State limits, that the nation could not let it alone. When you leave a wolf alone that is smelling about your child's cradle—when you leave a disease alone that is poisoning the springs of your life—then you may look to see a free people letting slavery alone when it is trying to take the bread out of their mouths, as well as to deprive them of political rights. For you will observe that the same party which supports the universal despotism of slavery, and its right to go wherever it chooses, is the same party which tries to show the great superiority of the condition of the slave to that of the free black at the North, or the white laborer in England, in order to establish its logical premise that capital ought to own labor.

Let it be fairly understood, then, that if slavery had not agitated there would have been no agitation. The sufferings of black men and the injustice of the system in any State of the Union would have been tolerated by the people of the other States, so long as they were not implicated, and so long as their rights were not threatened, as polygamy is tolerated in Turkey, or cannibalism in the Feejee Islands. But when the system struck at the rights, at the labor, at the very existence of free citizens beyond the limits of those States, they did just what they would do if the Turks should try to marry their sisters as collateral wives, or Feejee savages to eat their children for dessert. Slavery had stealthily struck at the country for years. In 1856 the country saw it clearly. In 1860 it put its heel upon it. In 1870 slavery will be a dried relic.

TO A FRIEND IN BALTIMORE.

The preceding remarks will be accepted by a courteous friend who writes to the Lounger, and signs himself "An Original Union Man of Baltimore," as partly a reply to his letter. The letter is candid and calm. The writer will understand that it is not possible to publish communications in this column, but will doubtless concede that the following is a fair summary of his points:

The letter is suggested by an article of the Lounger in No. 271, March 8, to the effect that henceforth either slavery or its agitation must be suppressed; and that, as the latter is impossible, the former must go to the wall.

The writer says that he holds no slaves, and means to own none; yet he is sure that an effort suddenly to abolish slavery in the most moderate border States might lead to civil war, ruining both races in those States.

He would be glad to see some reasonable plan of gradual abolition in his own State. He says: "If slavery is to be removed there is no way for it, consistent with humanity, but to fix a day providing that all slaves born after that day shall be free on arriving at 21 or 25 years, if males; and 18 to 21, if females. By this gradual mode alone could there be preserved to the blacks the habit of labor. As one or another became free he would have around him, yet in servitude, his relatives and friends, and would be induced by their example to continue to work. If slavery is ever removed, the removal must begin in the most Northern of the Slave States, and its mode must be gradual; but no interference from without will ever bring it to pass. On the contrary, we know that the abolitionists, however well-meaning some of them may be, are practically the slave's worst enemies. As an objection to gradual emancipation, it may be said by the immediate abolitionist that, so soon as gradual emancipation was determined upon, many slaves would be sold South, and thus deprived of all advantage from the measure; but this difficulty would, of course, be provided against by the law of emancipation."

He then protests most earnestly against agitation outside of the Slave States, as delaying the result.

He complains of the Lounger's statement that Fort M'Henry is the secret of the quiet of Baltimore as harsh, unmerited, untrue, and impolitic. "That troops are necessary to keep Maryland in her present position the writer does deny."

In reply, the Lounger will say that if this impending and inevitable discussion could be conducted in the spirit of this letter, we should all be gainers.

The writer and the Lounger are evidently agreed as to the general question.

As to the method of achieving the result, the writer will observe that the Lounger has not said that immediate and unconditional emancipation is desirable.

And as to agitation, the writer of the letter will find his answer in the preceding article.

The people of the free States, intelligent and obedient to law beyond precedent, when they saw the tendency and efforts of slavery, as a political power and industrial system, sought to arrest them by every peaceful means of free discussion. Obtaining the Government, they intended, by preventing its perversion, to establish liberty and not slavery as the national policy. It was a peaceful, lawful process—according to the spirit and letter of the Constitution, to the instincts of humanity, and to progressive civilization. The constitutional majority of the country intended nothing unlawful, nothing violent, nothing unfair, to any person or party. They believed that the Constitution was a charter of liberty, and not of privilege or slavery; and that the fair operation of the Government secured every right. With the system of slavery in the States they had no thought of meddling, although slavery had been tearing the country to pieces in its efforts to retain political supremacy. This perfectly lawful, peaceful policy of the great honest mass of the people, was entirely understood by the slavery leaders at the South and their sympathizers at the North. The restriction of slavery, its consequent amelioration and disappearance, was its logical result. With that went the political supremacy based upon the institution, and therefore the leaders struck at Sumter, hoping that the Democratic party at the North would be more partisan than patriotic. When the smoke of Sumter cleared away they saw that the hope had failed. Henceforward their doom was only a question of time.

Now a nation that has been roused to political action by the aggression of slavery—that has voted it out of supreme power—that has been forced by the military rebellion of slavery to load itself with a stupendous debt, and to strew the dead bodies of its loyal citizens across a continent, will no longer submit to the dictation and domination of slavery, nor will it have spent all the lives and the money for nothing. Henceforth the agitation which slavery has maintained for its extension and domination must cease, and forever; and the nation will certainly secure that result, or it will yield to the rebellion.

The Border States will decide as their wisdom suggests. They will encounter no unfair, no unreasonable, no unconstitutional opposition. Thousands of men in those States have been faithful, but they know that, even if they have counted the numerical majority, the working minority has been able to wrest Tennessee temporarily from the Union, and to blast other border States with fire and blood, and that those States have been held in the Union, not by their own citizens, but by United States volunteers. The people of those States will see that slavery, whether right or wrong, generates rebellion, and that so long as they are Slave States so long they will be the battle-field. If, then, they wish to be rid of the cause of trouble, the nation offers to help them. If they prefer that their fields shall still be battle-fields, they will so decide. If, with Mr. Wadsworth, of Kentucky, they elect to favor the rebellion rather than to listen to any emancipation even upon their own terms, the struggle will be prolonged and embittered, but its event must be the same.

If now the Lounger's courteous and candid correspondent in Baltimore will do all that he can to repress the efforts of slavery to convulse the country by seeking to extend itself, and within his own State will vigorously agitate for some wise system of emancipation, he will be doing a patriotic duty. But manifestly, while slavery continues to threaten the people of the Free States politically, industrially, and with arms, those people must defend themselves in every possible way; and a most agitated agitation is inevitable until peace is not only conquered but secured.

CORRECTION WANTED.

THE other evening there was a large meeting at the Cooper Institute, and the name of Mr. Bancroft, the historian, was published the next morning as one of the Vice-Presidents. The following day the papers published Mr. Bancroft's disclaimer. He was neither at the meeting, nor had he allowed the use of his name.

This is an abuse which needs correction. Half of the public meetings in this city derive their weight and influence from the names of their officers. They are printed conspicuously and read every where, and stand as sponsors of the sentiments and action of the meeting.

Now when the meeting is intended to support a decided policy or to express strong convictions, nothing can be unfairer toward an individual, or more futile for the purpose of the meeting, than to use a man's name without his consent. For if the affair be of the least importance he will publicly resent the unhandsome familiarity by disclaiming all connection with the meeting. Whereupon the conclusion is inevitable that other names may have been used in the same manner, although the persons do not choose to expose the matter, and an air of doubt and weakness is thrown over the whole thing.

Mr. Bancroft does not live in any inaccessible quarter of the city; and if his name be desirable to give dignity to a meeting why not ask his consent? Even if he would give his name, if you asked him, he might very properly resent the use of it otherwise, because he knows as well as you that his name is thought useful or it would not be taken—and he, like every other man, is to decide when it shall be used.

A famous clergyman once saw his name upon a poster as a speaker at some meeting, and he went to the Committee and told them to take it off. They apologized—and left it on. The meeting was large—and all the larger from the hope of hearing the clergyman. By-and-by the President rose and said that he was very sorry to announce that, although they had expected the reverend brother, he was unfortunately unable to be present. "Not at all," cried a loud voice from the rear of the church, and the audience rose and turned in amazement, while the voice continued: "I am the reverend brother in question, and I am here; but I told the Committee that I could not speak, and that they must take off my name. Now I *am* going to speak, and I say that the use of my name under the circumstances is a swindle." The reverend brother said more, but that is enough.

The simple rule is that, if you want a man's name to help you or your cause, go and ask him if you may have it.

DON'T FORGET THE NUMBER.

IN a great city, while every body is sure that every thing can be found, the great difficulty is to find it. Even those who live in it are perplexed; but the case seems hopeless for those who live away from town in the country. This hardship is felt as much in the matter of books as in any other. Valuable books are constantly published upon every subject. But very few of them are known to any one who is not in the habit of reading book advertisements, and of these the number that any one has the time or chance to read is very small. Then the valuable books are often issued in small editions. They go out of print. They cease to appear in advertisements or in the book shops, and are laid away in those fascinating catacombs, "old book" shops. There they may be found in comely form, in various bindings, and if a really ancient book, in the several editions.

Now all over the country, in quiet and remote places, where such a paper as this finds its way, there are plenty of persons who suddenly begin some special study. They do not even know what books they want, nor where they can be found. They only know that it is somewhere in the city. But how shall they find out what the book is, where it is, how much it costs, and what other books may be had upon the subject?

Or another man wants a new volume of history, or a certain late novel, or book of travels. How is he to find out all about it? How is he to get it and pay for it?

This is precisely the question that Mr. WALTER LOW, at the Publishers' Circular Office, No. 39 Walker Street, New York, proposes to answer. He will send any book wanted by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States under 3000 miles, if you will only send the price in coin, United States stamps, or Eastern bills. And if you do not happen to know the price, he will send you any information about any book if you will send a stamp for the reply.

This he will do, and do willingly and well; and this Lounger informs the great lounging, reading, and studying fraternity all over the land, that he says it with full knowledge. Mr. Low's education has been among books. It is his business to know *about* them, as well as to know them; and when he says that he will send the book or the information you want, you may be sure that he will do what he says.

QUARRELING.

WE have taken no part in the quarrel about General M'Clellan. The bitter dispute about General Frémont last autumn—the furious letters—the slanderous reports—the silly stories—all served to convince any candid man that to assert any decided conviction upon such kind of testimony was the height of folly.

What was true of Frémont is no less true of M'Clellan. As we said then that General Frémont had yet to show that he was a great military leader, so we say now of General M'Clellan. But as we said then, there was no proof that Frémont was not equal to his task, so we say now of the Potomac General.

With the vehement party denunciation of M'Clellan no honest [illegible] sympathy. This Lounger has certainly very positive opinions about the cause and cure of this rebellion. But it would be rather a violent inference for him to make, that a man who did not agree with his view was therefore a poor military chief; and it would surely be very unfair for him to explain every military movement that he could not comprehend by the hypothesis of incapacity or treachery. The justice that it was only fair to demand for Frémont shall certainly be accorded to M'Clellan in this column.

One thing of course is clear: if the rebels stole away from Manassas unknown to M'Clellan, the retreat outgeneraled him; because, even if he contemplated a retreat upon their part, to save his military skill he must consciously compel them to it. On the other hand, if he knew that they must retreat, the question is naturally asked why he did not fall upon them in the act.

Yet no one of us is in a condition to answer these questions, simply because we do not know the facts. We may assume a certain state of things, and it may prove to be correct; but it is rather hard to make a man's good name suffer until we know that it is so. For instance, the question is constantly asked, Why was not the rebel army of the Potomac attacked in December? Now this question is asked by those who can not possibly know, but who assume a certain condition of affairs. We can easily enough rebut one speculation by another.

On the 1st of August M'Clellan assumed command of the army. It appears by the President's War Order that he had a supervision of the whole line. The army was to collect, drill, and organize; it was to be equipped in every way; arms were to be made, every thing was to be done, and every thing was subordinated to one condition, namely, that the rebellion must be virtually suppressed by May or June of this year. Is it not, then, perfectly conceivable that under all these circumstances the plan of campaign adopted was to prepare the whole line, then to strike at every point, and push straight forward to final victory? And is it not clear that it was incompatible with this plan to strike prematurely, even if successfully, in any single part? Suppose we had dispersed them at Manassas, and they had sent their army round to the West, to carry the war into Indiana and Illinois?

M'Clellan may be an incompetent General—but did not Frémont seem so to those who did not know the facts when Lyon fell and Lexington surrendered? They have each a genius for silence. Frémont has survived his slanderers—let us hope that M'Clellan will survive his.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"THERE are people," says Mrs. Partington, "who can bathe with perfect impurity in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strands; but, as for me, I prefer to bathe in water that's a leetle torpid."

Professor Drycuss, of California, was sitting with his wife in the observatory at San Francisco the other day, when Madam Professor stumped him by remarking:

"My dear, do you know that some of these nasty Chinamen put me more in mind of calves than human beings?"

"Eh! what?" said the Professor, pricking up his ears, as he first looked at the group of traveling Chinamen, and then at his best beloved; "what do you mean, Madam? Chinese like calves! pooh—pooh!"

"Not all, Professor," replied Mrs. D., "only those that come from Macao" (pronounced "Macow"); and the little woman looked up quizzically in his face.

"Martha," rejoined the Professor, as he looked smilingly down upon his better half, "that was a horrible 'bull!'"

A gentleman having lately been called on to subscribe to a course of lectures, declined, "because," said he, "my wife gives me a lecture every night for nothing."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, March 11, in the Senate, Senator Sumner asked to be discharged from further consideration of proposed relief to Ireland and matters connected with the *Trent* affair. Notice was given of a bill to allow foreign vessels to carry the California mails. A resolution was introduced instructing the Naval Committee to inquire into the circumstances connected with the recent naval engagement at Fortress Monroe. The bill providing for the confiscation of the property of persons resisting the laws and authority of the republic was taken up, when Senator Carlile, of Virginia, addressed the Senate at length in opposition to it. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, offered an amendment to the Confiscation bill, which was ordered to be printed, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a resolution was introduced, and referred to the Committee of the Whole House, providing for the establishment of foundries at Chicago, Illinois; Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and Poughkeepsie, New York; for an armory and arsenal at Columbus, Ohio; for a saltpetre and powder dépôt at Indianapolis, Indiana, and for powder-mills at Trenton, New Jersey. A bill was introduced for the establishment of navy-yards at our Northern lake-ports. The regular order, the resolution in favor of assisting States in the emancipation of slaves, in accordance with the recommendation of the President's late special Message, was taken up. Amendments were offered by different members, and a long and very interesting debate took place. A vote was finally taken, and the resolution was adopted by eighty-eight yeas to thirty-one nays.

On Wednesday, March 12, in the Senate, petitions were presented from citizens of Kentucky in opposition to emancipation. The resolution for the expulsion of Senator Powell, of Kentucky, was reported back from the Judiciary Committee, with the recommendation that it should not be adopted. A joint resolution of thanks to Lieutenant Worden, commander of the *Monitor* in the recent naval engagement near Fortress Monroe, and the sailors under his command, was introduced and laid over. A bill was also introduced to repeal all laws preventing foreign vessels carrying the mails between New York and Aspinwall. The House resolution of co-operation with the President's Special Message, in favor of aiding States which desire to emancipate their slaves, was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The bill to authorize the Secretary of War to accept financial aid from State Governments was passed. The bill defining the pay of the army was taken up, discussed at length, and finally passed. The bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was debated, and several amendments to it were adopted, but the Senate adjourned without reaching a vote on the subject.——In the House, a resolution of thanks to Mr. Ericsson, the builder of the mail-clad battery *Monitor*, Lieutenant Worden, her commander, and her officers and crew, was introduced and referred to the Naval Committee. The District of Columbia Committee reported a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District, which was sent back to that committee by the House. The Territorial Committee reported a bill providing for Territorial governments for the rebellious States, which caused some debate, and was finally laid on the table. A bill providing a temporary government for Arizona was reported to the House. The Tax bill was then taken up in the Committee of the Whole House, when an extended and animated debate took place, which was participated in principally by Messrs. Bingham, of Ohio, and Wadsworth, of Kentucky, the discussion being made to bear principally on the slavery question. Without coming to a decision the committee rose and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, March 13, in the Senate, the Naval Committee were instructed to prepare some fitting notice of the bravery of seaman John Davis, whose conduct was recently alluded to in terms of praise by Commodore Dupont in his official report. A resolution of inquiry of the Secretary of the Navy, with regard to the removal of the Naval Academy from Annapolis, Maryland, to Newport, Rhode Island, was offered by Senator Kennedy. The Senate voted thanks to Commodore Foote, of the Western flotilla, and Lieutenant Worden, of the mail-clad steamer *Monitor*, and the officers and men under them, for their recent brilliant exploits. The resolution for the expulsion of Senator Powell, of Kentucky, was taken up, and Senator Davis, of Kentucky, spoke at length in favor of it. He was interrupted by Senator Powell; but, without deciding the question, the Senate went into executive session, and subsequently adjourned.——In the House, the thanks of the republic were voted to General Curtis and his officers and men for gallant conduct in their recent engagement with the rebels, and sympathy for the friends and relatives of the loyal slain was expressed. The National Tax bill was then taken up, in Committee of the Whole House, and a long debate ensued, consuming the greater portion of the day's session and being participated in by various members. An amendment, to allow each State to assume its quota of the tax, was one of the subjects of discussion in connection with the bill, which proposition was finally withdrawn, and, without taking definite action, the committee rose.

On Friday, March 14, in the Senate, the resolution reported by the Committee on Naval Affairs, giving power to the Secretary of the Navy to settle the accounts of contractors who have failed to fulfill their engagements, was passed. A resolution was proposed, but objected to, to give the President additional power in the control of military affairs, and a bill to provide for the construction of additional iron-clad gun-boats, and for the completion of the Stevens battery, was introduced and referred. A bill favoring the confiscation of the property of rebels was also introduced and referred. Bills were introduced and referred giving the President control of the gun-boat appropriations, and for the regulation of the army corps, and then the resolution in favor of expelling Senator Powell was taken up, when Senator Powell addressed the Senate at length in his own defense, replying to the remarks made by his colleague, Senator Davis, on the preceding day. A long debate ensued, and the resolution was defeated by eleven yeas to twenty-eight nays, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate resolution of thanks to Commodore Foote and his command was passed by a unanimous vote. The resolution of thanks to Lieutenant Worden, of the *Monitor*, was referred to the Naval Committee. The Pacific Railroad bill was reported to the House, and made the special order for Tuesday next. The Tax bill was taken up, and an amendment permitting States to assume their separate quotas was rejected; but no final action was reached, and the House adjourned. Both Houses adjourned over to Monday.

On Monday, March 17, in the Senate, the Military Committee reported a bill for the organization of the army corps staffs. A resolution that the Naval Committee report on the expediency of an appropriation for testing iron-cladding for vessels of war was adopted. The joint resolution giving the President power to assign officers to military commands without regard to seniority was discussed and sent back to the Military Committee. The Post-office Appropriation bill was considered, and amendments agreed to authorizing a more frequent than semi-monthly mail between San Francisco and Crescent City; that all American vessels shall carry to foreign ports such mails as the Postmaster-General may deliver on board, and that vessels coming from foreign ports shall receive any mail matter from consuls, the compensation for which service not to be more than the usual postage. The bill was then passed. The proposition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was taken up, but postponed. The Senate then held an executive session and adjourned.——In the House, the Senate joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of War to receive moneys appropriated by States for the payment of the volunteers of such States was adopted. A resolution of inquiry of the Secretary of War as to recent charters of vessels, and the compensation allowed for the same, was adopted. The Military Committee were instructed to report some plan for securing to the sick and wounded soldiers better medical treatment. The District of Columbia Committee were instructed to inquire into the circumstances connected with the recent arrest in the District, and transfer to and imprisonment in Baltimore, of two persons, in alleged violation of the Constitution. The House then, in Committee of the Whole, took up the Tax bill, when a debate ensued, after which the House adjourned.

THE NEW MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *March* 11, 1862.

Major-General M'Clellan, having personally taken the field at the head of the Army of the Potomac, until otherwise ordered, is relieved from the command of the other military departments, he retaining command of the Department of the Potomac.

Ordered, further, That the two departments now under the respective commands of Generals Halleck and Hunter, together with so much of that under General Buell as lies west of a north and south line, indefinitely drawn through Knoxville, Tennessee, be consolidated and designated the Department of the Mississippi, and that, until otherwise ordered, Major-General Halleck have command of said department.

Ordered, also, That the country west of the Department of the Potomac and east of the Department of the Mississippi be a military department, to be called the Mountain Department, and that the same be commanded by Major-General Frémont.

That all the commanders of departments, after the receipt of this order by them respectively, report severally and directly to the Secretary of War, and that prompt, full, and frequent reports will be expected of all and each of them.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WINCHESTER OCCUPIED.

The important town of Winchester, Virginia, is in our possession. A portion of General Banks's division, under General Gorman, occupied the town of Berryville, Virginia, on 11th. There were five hundred of the rebel cavalry in the place; but upon the Third New York Cavalry, properly supported by artillery and infantry, charging them, they fled in confusion toward Winchester. During the night the pickets of General Gorman came in contact with portions of Colonel Ashby's rebel cavalry, and were compelled to fall back; but the General made a reconnoissance in force to within two miles of Winchester, and charging upon the rebels, dispersed them, taking several prisoners, and killing or wounding four of the rebels. This reconnoissance sealed the fate of Winchester. The enemy were blinded and misled by the movement of our troops, and they commenced the evacuation of the place on the afternoon of 11th. General Hamilton advanced from Bunker Hill, the Michigan Cavalry heading the column. The rebel cavalry, one thousand two hundred strong, and supported by a section of artillery, gave battle at five o'clock in the afternoon. Our cavalry were supported by the First Maryland Infantry and a battery of artillery. The fight was a short one. The rebels fled, leaving their guns behind them, and at daylight on 12th our troops entered the city as the rear-guard of the enemy was flying out of it.

EVACUATION OF NEW MADRID.

The rebels abandoned New Madrid on Thursday evening, 13th, leaving a quantity of guns and stores behind them. Some fighting took place between the rebel gunboats, under Captain Hollins, and our siege batteries, in which we lost twenty killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy is not known, as they carried off all their dead and wounded with them.

CAPTURE OF ISLAND NO. 10.

At 5.30 A.M. on 16th, the Mississippi flotilla got under way, and dropped down slowly until about seven o'clock, when the flag-ship, being about twenty miles ahead and six miles above the island, discovered a stern-wheel steamer run out from the shelter of a point on the Kentucky shore, and steam down the river. Four shells were thrown after her, but the distance was too great for the shots to take effect. At nine o'clock the fleet rounded to about three miles above Island No. 10. The Commodore then ordered three of the mortar boats into position.

A dispatch from the Associated Press reporter says: Eight mortars shelled the battery above the island to-day. The enemy left it several times, but returned. They only fired with two guns. Our shells reached the island easily. General Pope has sent dispatches to Commodore Foote, saying that his heavy guns command the river, so that neither steamboat nor gun-boat of the enemy can pass. The mortar fleet threw two hundred and forty shells, and the *Benton* forty-one. In response to a serenade at St. Louis, on 17th, General Halleck announced from the balcony of the Planters' House that Island No. 10 is ours, with all the ammunition and transports the enemy had there. He said also that another victory had been won in Arkansas, in which three rebel Colonels were captured.

CAPTURE OF NEWBERN.

General Burnside, who left Roanoke Island with the bulk of his force a few days since, has attacked and taken Newbern, North Carolina. The resistance was stout; we lost 90 killed and 100 wounded. We took a large quantity of ammunition and guns.

OUR TROOPS IN SOUTHERN TENNESSEE.

The forces of Generals Smith, M'Clernand, Sherman, Wallace, and Hurlbut, have arrived at Savannah, Tennessee. The force of the rebels in the vicinity was variously stated at from 30,000 to 100,000 men. The division of General Lewis Wallace advanced on Saturday to Purdy, in M'Nairy County, and burned the bridge and tore up the track of the railroad leading from Humboldt to Corinth, Mississippi, cutting off a train laden with rebel troops.

MEMPHIS IN ANARCHY.

Memphis is reported in a state of anarchy. The citizens are flying from there, and cotton, molasses, sugar, and other merchandise were being shipped South. Such was the insubordination of the citizens that martial law was proclaimed in Memphis on 10th, in order to compel the people to turn out and fight.

Norfolk and Richmond are also under martial law.

THE BATTLE OF PARIS.

At the late battle at Paris, Tennessee, our forces defeated the rebels, six hundred strong, and took possession of the town on the morning of the 12th inst. General Halleck's official report of the battle puts down the loss of the enemy at one hundred killed, wounded, and prisoners.

THE BATTLE AT FORT CRAIG.

A desperate fight took place in the vicinity of Fort Craig, New Mexico, on the 21st of February. It appears that skirmishing, resulting in the daily discomfiture of the rebel Texans, had been going on from the 17th. On the morning of the 21st, at about nine o'clock, a serious battle commenced; and the conflict raged throughout the day. The enemy made desperate charges on one howitzer battery, which was under Captain M'Rae's command, but were repulsed with loss. At last 600 of the Texans, armed with carbines, revolvers, long seven-pound bowie-knives, made their last and desperate charge; the shock was terrible; the battery poured upon them its fearful storm; Captain Plimpton, with a company of United States infantry, was defending M'Rae's guns; his men stood up against this mighty charge like a wall of granite, till half their number were dead; then they retreated; Captain M'Rae, left alone, sat down on one of his guns, with his revolver in his hand, refusing to fly; he died like a hero, the last man at his post. Lieutenants Michler and Stone, and other officers, were slain or wounded. Our loss was about 200. In spite of this success, the day may be said to have been won by the Union troops.

OUR WOUNDED AND DEAD SCALPED AND MANGLED.

The following copy of correspondence has been sent from the commander of the army in Arkansas to the commander of the department at St. Louis, and by him published:

HEAD-QUARTERS, TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DISTRICT, *March* 9, 1862.

To the Commanding Officer of the United States Forces on Sugar Creek, Arkansas:

SIR,—In accordance with the usages of war, I have the honor to request that you will permit the burial party whom I send from this army, with a flag of truce, to attend to the duty of collecting and interring the bodies of the officers and men who fell during the engagement of the 7th and 8th instant. Very respectfully your obedient servant,

EARL VAN DORN,
Major-General Commanding Army.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST, PEA RIDGE, *March* 9, 1862.

Earl Van Dorn, Commanding Confederate Forces:

SIR,—The General Commanding is in receipt of yours of the 9th, saying that in accordance with the usages of war you send a party to collect and bury the dead. I am directed to say all possible facilities will be given for burying the dead, many of which have already been interred. Quite a number of your surgeons have fallen into our hands, and are permitted to act under parole, and under a General Order from Major-General Halleck further liberty will be allowed them, if such accommodations be reciprocated by you. The General regrets that we find on the battle-field, contrary to civilized warfare, many of the Federal dead who were tomahawked, scalped, and their bodies shamefully mangled, and expressed a hope that this important struggle may not degenerate to a savage warfare. By order of

S. R. CURTIS, Brigadier-General.
T. J. M'KINNEY, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

IRON-CLAD VESSELS.

The Senate appears to be awake to the necessity of providing iron-clad war steamers for the navy. A bill was introduced by Senator Hale, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, on 13th, providing for the construction, under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy, of an iron-clad steam vessel of not less than five or six thousand tons burden, and of great speed and strength, to be used only as a ram, for which purpose $1,000,000 are to be appropriated; also, $13,000,000 for the construction of iron-clad gun-boats, $783,000 for the completion of Stevens's battery, and $500,000 for extending the facilities of the Washington Navy-yard, so as to roll and forge plates for the armored ships.

CONTRACT COMMISSIONERS.

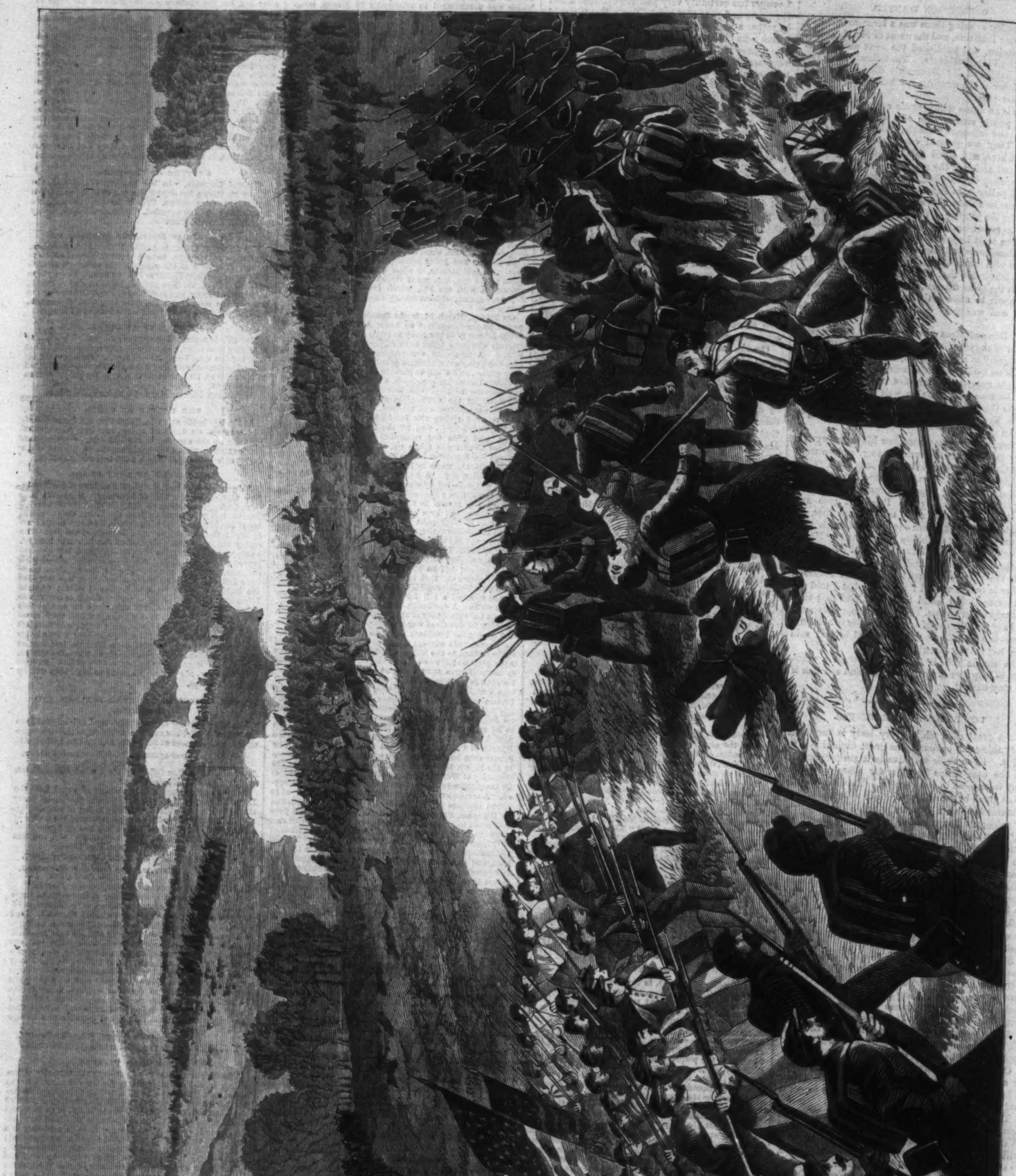
Hon. Joseph Holt and Robert Dale Owen have been appointed Special Commissioners to audit and adjust contracts, orders, and claims on the War Department in respect to arms, ammunition, and stores. They will proceed at once to an investigation and examination.

FOREIGN NEWS.

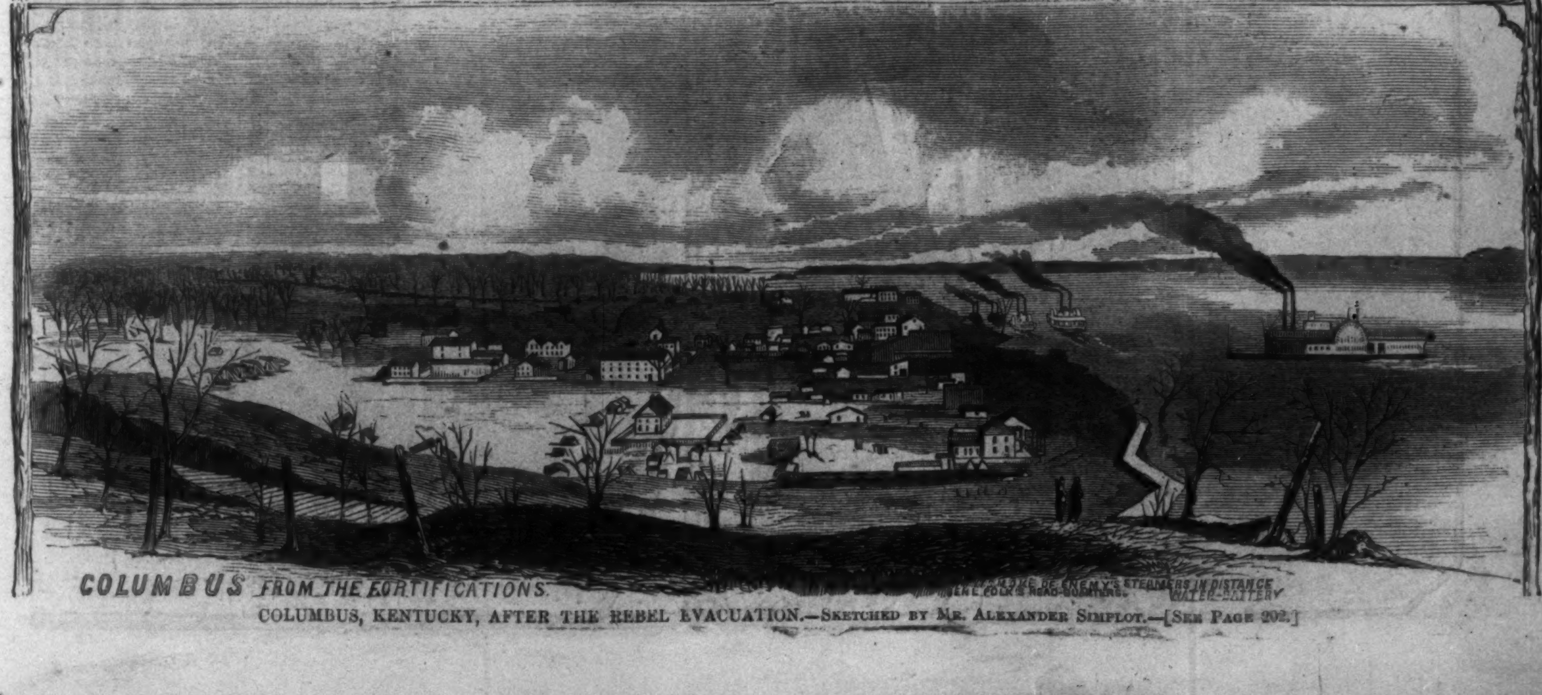
MEXICO.

THE FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

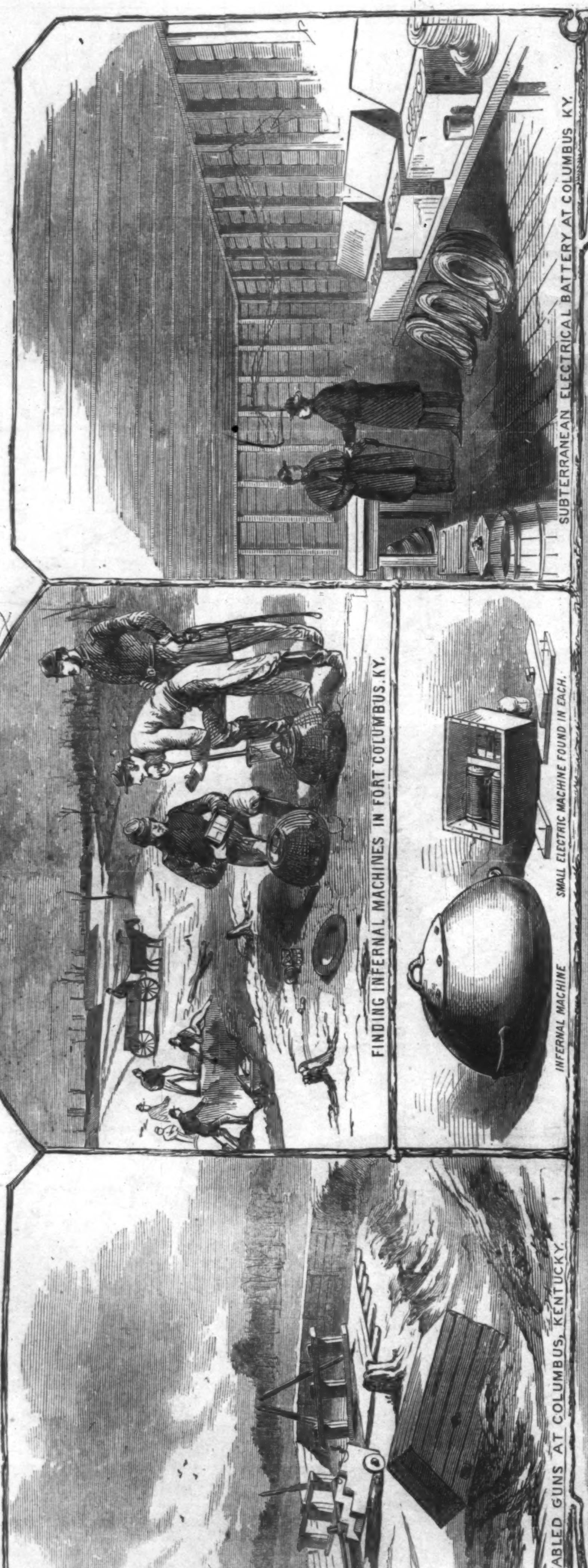
THE preliminary treaty of Soledad, agreed upon between the Mexican and Allied commissioners, has been assented to by President Juarez. By this treaty the Allies are permitted to occupy three inland cities, and Vera Cruz was to revert to the Mexican authorities; but it is stated that at latest advices, and when the Allied troops had commenced to occupy the three towns named in the treaty, and when the Mexican flag had been again hoisted in Vera Cruz, and the Mexican officials were returning to resume control there, the English officials became dissatisfied, and it is said that the English forces will be entirely withdrawn. Trouble had also occurred between the French and Spanish, and General Prim was to be superseded by a French commander, and the affairs generally of the Allies seemed to be in great confusion. Two battalions of the Spanish forces had been withdrawn and had arrived at Havana. Accounts from the interior of Mexico report a battle between the insurrectionists and the forces of Juarez, in which the latter were defeated. Mr. Allen, bearer of dispatches to the United States Minister at the city of Mexico, Mr. Corwin, had been murdered between Vera Cruz and the city [illegible]



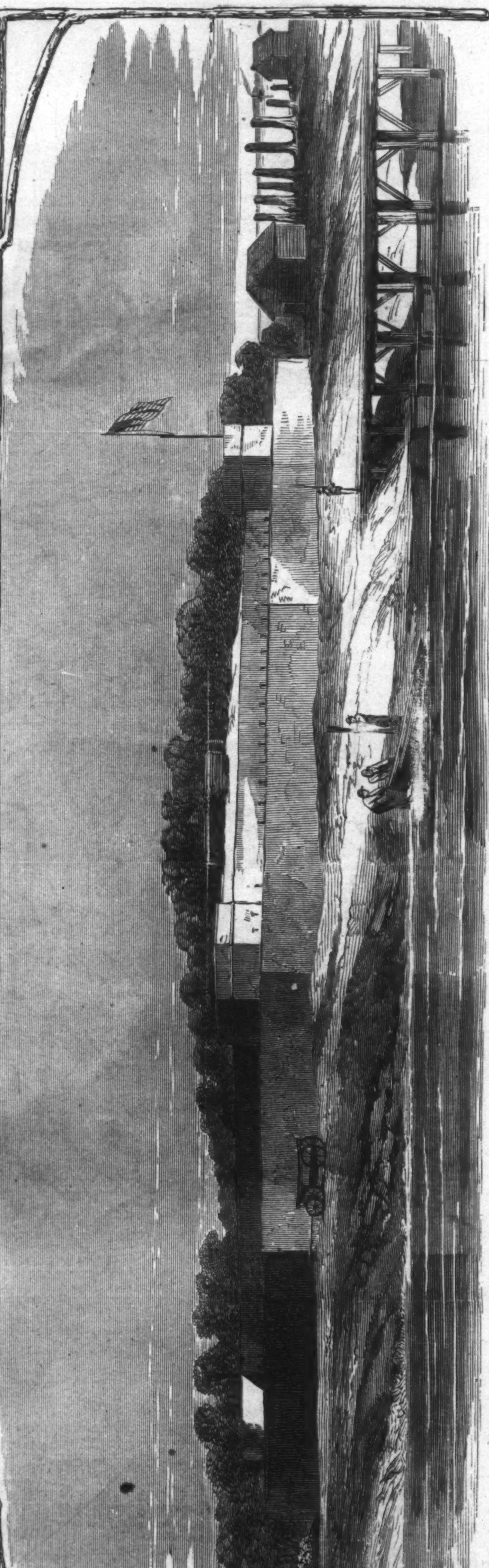
THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE, ARKANSAS—THE FINAL ADVANCE OF OUR TROOPS, MARCH 8, 1862.—[SEE PAGE 202.]



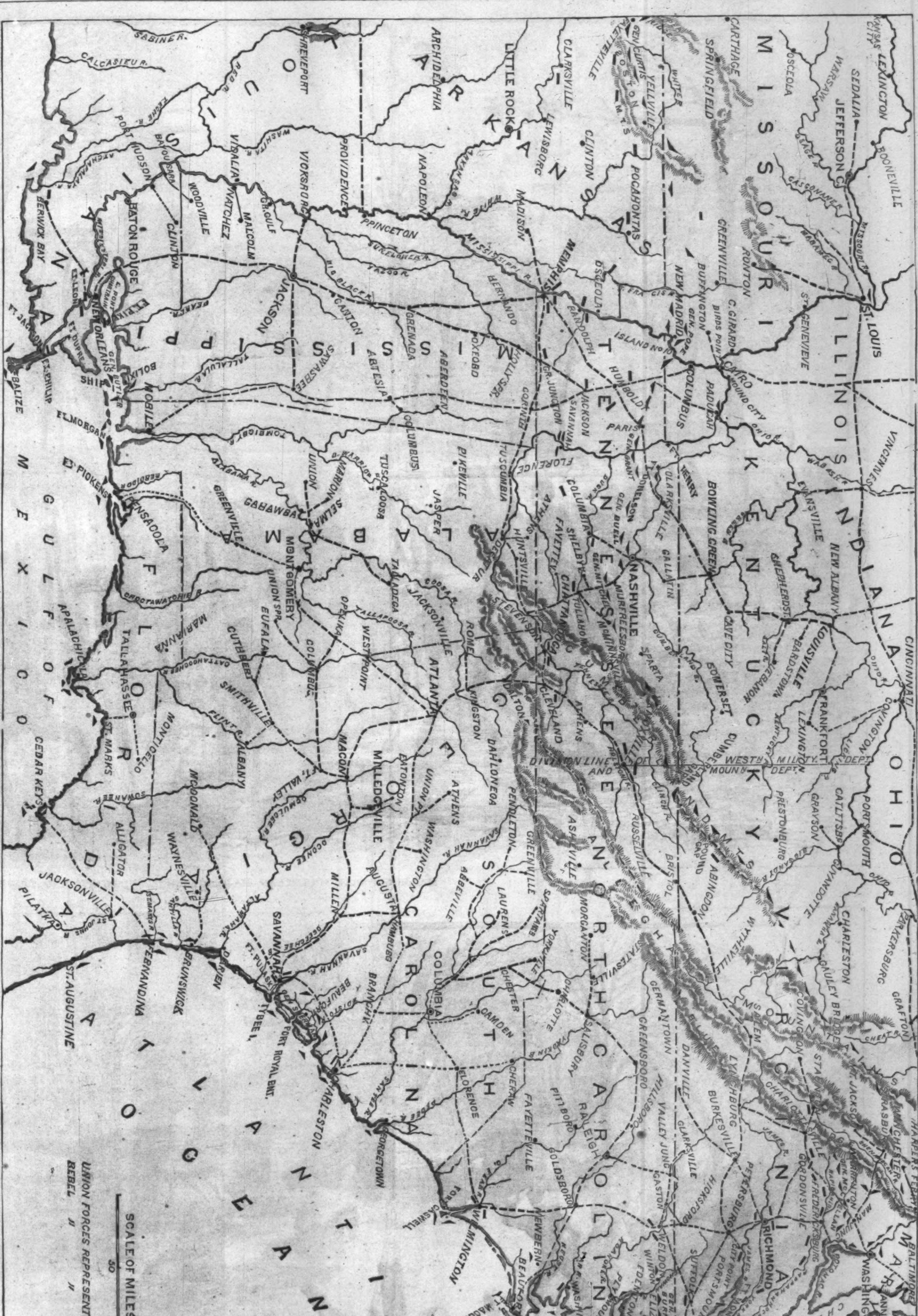
COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY, AFTER THE REBEL EVACUATION.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 202.]



REBEL INFERNAL MACHINES (MEMBERS OF THE PEACE SOCIETY) FOUND AT COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 202.]

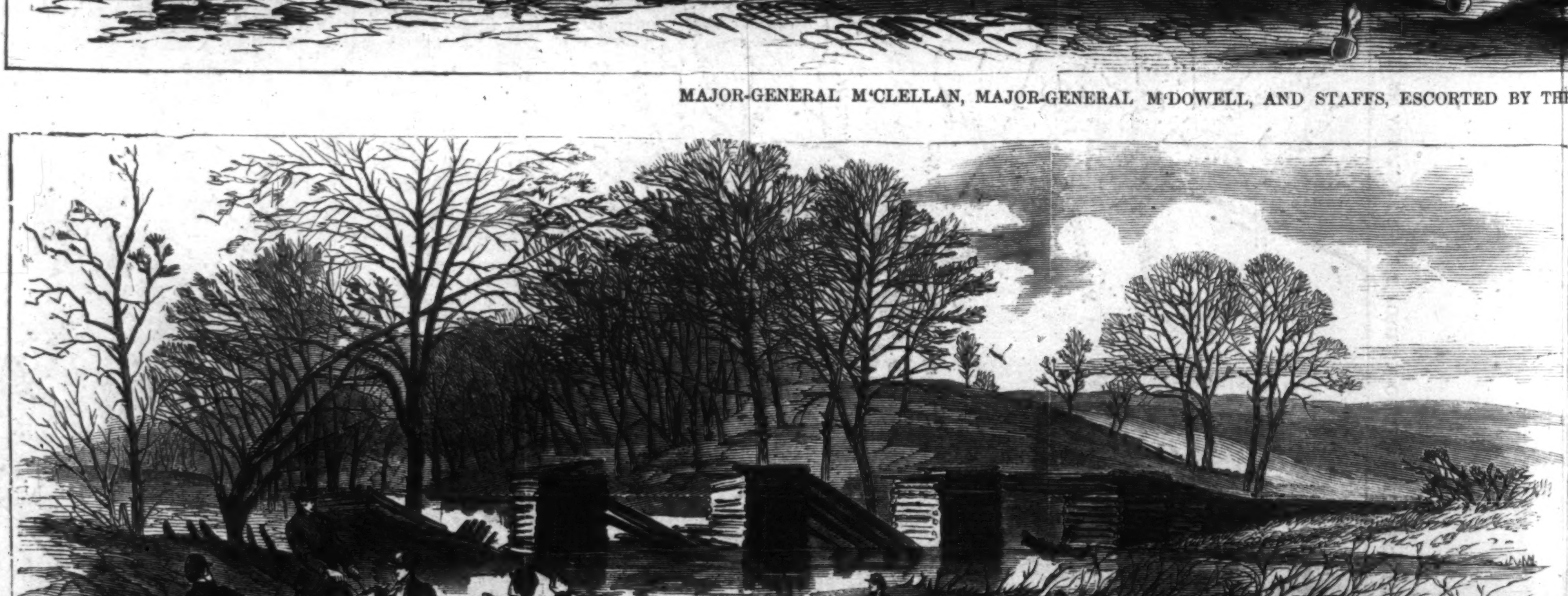


FORT CLINCH, FERNANDINA, FLORIDA, NOW OCCUPIED BY GENERAL WRIGHT'S UNION FORCES.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 202.]

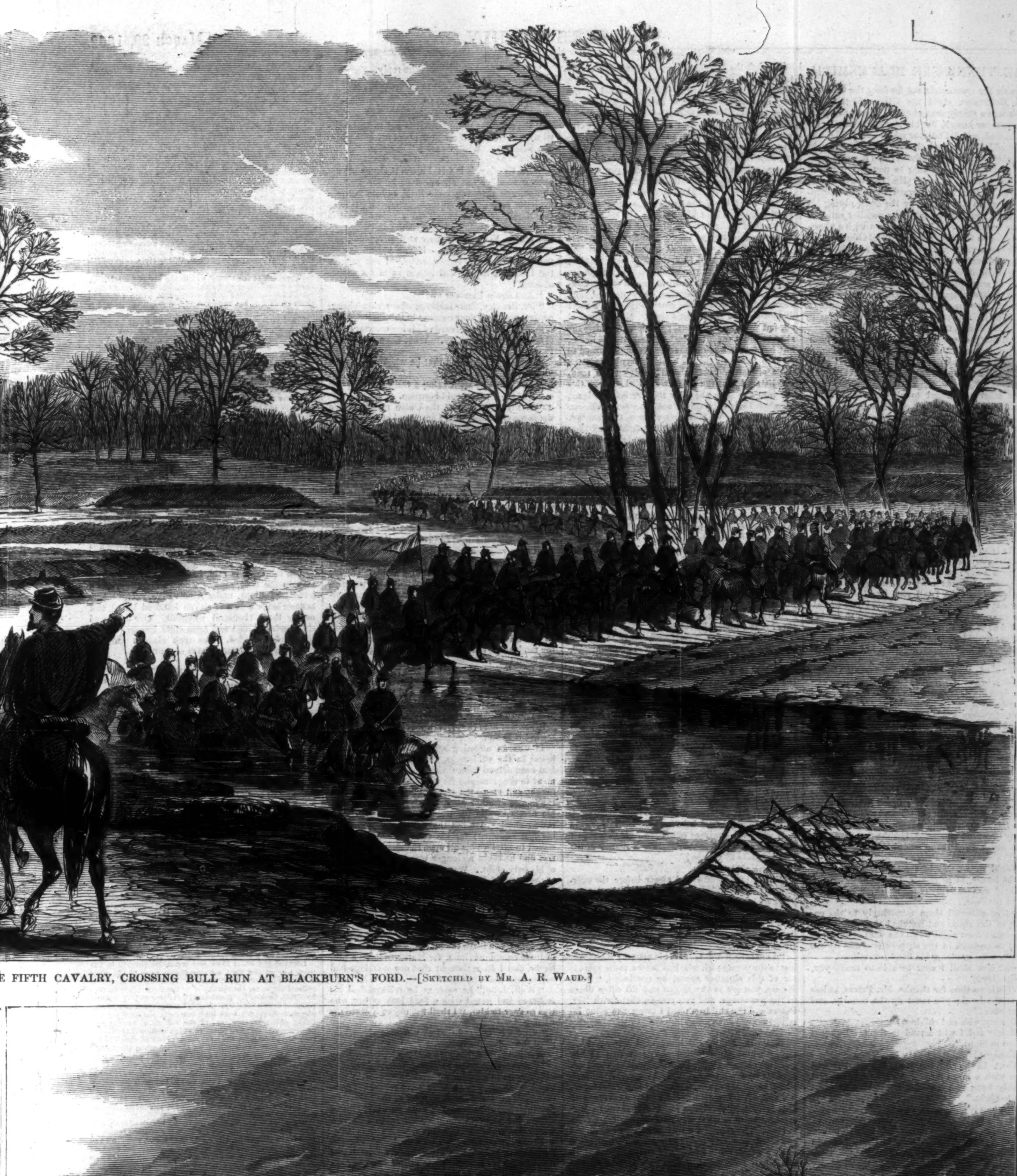


MAP OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, SHOWING THE STRATEGIC POINTS AND THEIR RAILROAD CONNECTIONS, THE PRINCIPAL RIVERS, AND THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE UNION AND REBEL FORCES.

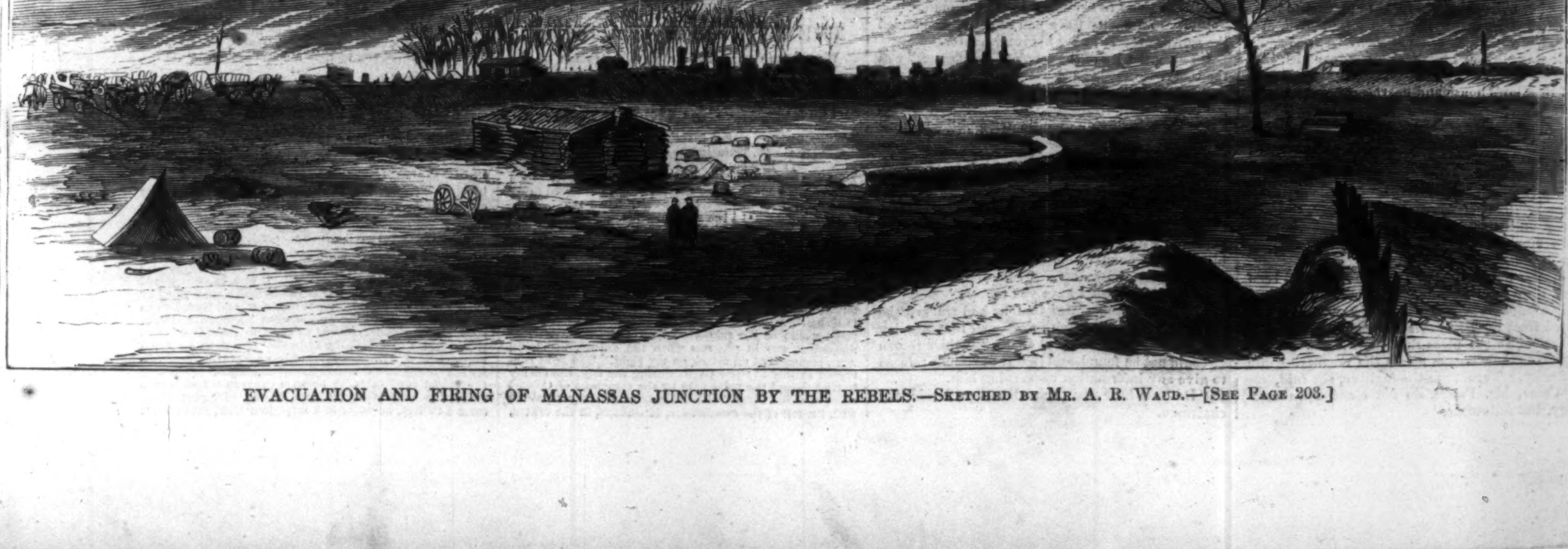
MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN, MAJOR-GENERAL M'DOWELL, AND STAFFS, ESCORTED BY THE FI



BRIDGE OVER BULL RUN, NEAR BLACKBURN'S FORD, BURNED BY THE REBELS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]



E FIFTH CAVALRY, CROSSING BULL RUN AT BLACKBURN'S FORD.—[Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.]



EVACUATION AND FIRING OF MANASSAS JUNCTION BY THE REBELS.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 203.]

THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

Near the cross-roads, not far from the Cumberland Mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty. He was respected, wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man—and it might be safely added, nor devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood; and it was a common remark, when wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say, "He is as brave as Old Bradley." One night, toward the close of September, as he stood alone by the anvil plying his labors, his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he brought his hammer down with a vigorous stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause and shake his head, as if communing with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of these pauses that the door was thrown open, and a pale, trembling figure staggered into the shop, and, sinking at the smith's feet, faintly ejaculated,

"In the name of Jesus, protect me!"

As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form three men entered, the foremost one exclaiming,

"We've treed him at last! There he is! seize him!" and as he spoke he pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order; but Bradley suddenly arose, seized the sledge-hammer, and brandishing it about his head as if it were a sword, exclaimed,

"Back! Touch him not; or, by the grace of God, I'll brain ye!"

They hesitated, and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them that he meant what he said.

"Do you give shelter to an abolitionist?" fiercely shouted the leader.

"I give shelter to a weak, defenseless man," replied the smith.

"He is an enemy!" vociferated the leader.

"Of the devil!" ejaculated Bradley.

"He is a spy! an abolition hound!" exclaimed the leader, with increased vehemence; "and we must have him. So I tell you, Bradley, you had better not interfere. You know that you are already suspected, and if you insist upon sheltering him it will confirm it."

"*Sus-pect-ed!* Suspected of what?" exclaimed the smith, in a firm tone, riveting his gaze upon the speaker.

"Why, of adhering to the North," was the reply.

"Adhering to the North!" ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker. "I adhere to no North!" he continued; "I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will, so help me God! as long as I have breath," he added, as he brought the sledge-hammer to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him, Bradley, without farther trouble. You are only risking your own neck by your interference."

"Not as long as I have life to defend him," was the answer. Then pointing toward the door, he continued, "Leave my shop!" and as he spoke he again raised the sledge-hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but the firm demeanor of the smith awed them into compliance with the order.

"You'll regret this in the morning, Bradley," said the leader, as he retreated.

"Go!" was the reply of the smith, as he pointed toward the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the entrance of the shop, and watched them until they disappeared from sight down the road. When he turned to go back in the shop he was met by the fugitive, who, grasping his hand, exclaimed,

"Oh! how shall I ever be able to thank you, Mr. Bradley?"

"This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord; you must fly the country, and that at once!"

"But my wife and children?"

"Mattie and I will attend to them. But you must go to-night."

"To-night!"

"Yes. In the morning, if not sooner, they will return with a large force and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night."

"But how?"

"Mattie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union forces in Kentucky. They were to start to-night. They have provisions for the journey, and will gladly share with you."

At this moment a young girl entered the shop, and hurriedly said,

"Father, what is the trouble to-night?" Her eye resting upon the fugitive, she approached him, and, in a sympathizing tone, continued, "Ah, Mr. Peters, has your turn come so soon?"

This was Mattie. She was a fine rosy girl, just passed her eighteenth birthday, and the sole daughter of Bradley's house and heart. She was his all—his wife had been dead five years. He turned toward her, and, in a mild but firm tone, said,

"Mattie, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately; then return, and we will call at the parsonage to cheer his family. Quick! No time is to be lost. The blood-hounds are upon the track. They have scented their prey, and will not rest until they have secured him. They may return much sooner than we expect. So haste, daughter, and God bless ye!"

This was not the first time that Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted several Union men, who had been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive, she said,

"Come, Mr. Peters, do not stand upon ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop and proceeded but a short distance up the road, and then turned off in a by-path through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to a small house that stood alone in a secluded spot. Here Mattie was received with a warm welcome by several men, some of whom were engaged in running bullets, while others were cleaning their rifles and fowling-pieces. The lady of the house, a hale woman of forty, was busy stuffing the wallets of the men with biscuits. She greeted Mattie very kindly. The fugitive, who was known to two or three of the party, was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying that they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee Union regiment when they got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to return home two of the party prepared to accompany her; but she protested, warning them of the danger, as the enemy were doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But, notwithstanding, they insisted, and accompanied her until she reached the road a short distance above her father's shop. Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised upon reaching the shop to find it vacant. She hastened into the house, but her father was not there. As she returned to go into the shop she thought she could hear the noise of horses' hoofs clattering down the road. She listened, but the sound soon died away. Going into the shop she blew the fire into a blaze; then beheld that the things were in great confusion, and that spots of blood were upon the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been seized and carried off, but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the pools of blood a wagon containing two persons drove up, one of whom, an athletic young man of five-and-twenty years, got out and entered the shop.

"Good-evening, Mattie! Where is your father?" he said. Then observing the strange demeanor of the girl, he continued, "Why, Mattie, what ails you? What has happened?"

The young girl's heart was too full for her tongue to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of the young man, she sobbingly exclaimed:

"*They* have carried him off! Don't you see the blood?"

"Have they dared to lay hands upon your father? The infernal wretches!"

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished, he exclaimed:

"Oh that I should have lived to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced! Here, Joe!"

At this the other person in the wagon alighted and entered the shop. He was a stalwart negro.

"Joe," continued the young man, "you would like your freedom?"

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like much to leabe you, but den I'se like to be a free man."

"Joe, the white race have maintained their liberty by their valor. Are you willing to fight for yours? Ay! fight to the death?"

"I'se fight for yous any time, Massa John."

"I believe you, Joe. But I have desperate work on hand to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it without a prospect of reward. If I succeed I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?"

"I will, Massa."

"Then kneel down and swear before the ever-living God, that, if you falter or shrink the danger, you may hereafter be consigned to everlasting fire!"

"I swear, Massa," said the negro, kneeling. "An' I hope that Gor Almighty may strike me dead if I don't go wid you through fire and water and ebery ting!"

"I am satisfied, Joe," said his master; then turning to the young girl, who had been a mute spectator of this singular scene, he continued, "Now, Mattie, you get in the wagon and I'll drive down to the parsonage, and you remain there with Mrs. Peters and the children until I bring you some intelligence of your father."

While the sturdy old blacksmith was awaiting the return of his daughter the party that he had repulsed returned with increased numbers and demanded the minister. A fierce quarrel ensued, which resulted in their seizing the smith and carrying him off. They conveyed him to a tavern half a mile distant from the shop, and there he was arraigned before what was termed a vigilance committee. The committee met in a long room on the ground-floor, dimly lighted by a lamp which stood upon a small table in front of the chairman. In about half an hour after Bradley's arrival he was placed before the chairman for examination. The old man's arms were pinioned, but nevertheless he cast a defiant look upon those around him.

"Bradley, this is a grave charge against you. What have you to say?" said the chairman.

"What authority have you to ask?" demanded the smith, fiercely eying his interrogator.

"The authority of the people of Tennessee," was the reply.

"I deny it."

"Your denials amount to nothing. You are accused of harboring an abolitionist, and the penalty of that act you know is death. What have you to say to the charge?"

"I say that it is a lie, and that he who utters such charges against me is a scoundrel."

"Simpson," said the chairman to the leader of the band that had captured Bradley, and who now appeared with a large bandage about his head, to bind up a wound which was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley. "Simpson," continued the chairman, "what have you to say?"

The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith shop, and that Bradley had resisted his arrest, and that upon their return he could not be found, and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business."

"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you are not only a member but an exhorter in Mr. Peters's church, and therefore some little excuse is to be made for your zeal in defending him. He is from the North, and has long been suspected, and is now accused of being an abolitionist and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this you must take the consequences. I ask you for the last time if you will inform us of his whereabouts?"

"And again I answer no!"

"Mr. Bradley, there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance confirms it. You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?"

"I say it is false, and that he who makes it is a villain."

"I accuse him with being a traitor, aiding the cause of the Union," said Simpson.

"If my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union—I am still for the Union—and will be for the Union as long as life lasts!"

At these words the chairman clutched a pistol that lay upon the table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's bowie-knife glittered near Bradley's breast; but before he could make the fatal plunge a swift-winged messenger of death laid him dead at the feet of his intended victim; while at the same instant another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, extinguishing the light and leaving all in darkness. Confusion reigned. The inmates of the room were panic-stricken. In the midst of the consternation a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his bonds were severed, and he hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but was hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a wagon and driven rapidly off. In half an hour the smith made one of the party at the rendezvous that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

"John," said the smith as he grasped the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes glistened and a tear coursed down his furrowed cheek, "I should like to see Mattie before I go."

"You shall," was the reply.

In another hour the blacksmith clasped his daughter to his bosom.

It was an affecting scene—there, in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who had been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principles for which the patriot fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old smith, a type of the heroes of other days, pressing his daughter to his breast, while the tear coursed down his furrowed cheek. He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace; for his resolute heart had resolved to sacrifice his all upon the altar of his country, and he could no longer watch over the safety of his only child. Was she to be left to the mercy of the parricidal wretches who were attempting to destroy the country that had given them birth, nursed their infancy, and opened a wide field for them to display the abilities with which nature had endowed them?

"Mr. Bradley," said his rescuer, after a short pause, "as you leave the State it will be necessary, in these troublous times, for Mattie to have a protector, and I have thought that our marriage had better take place to-night."

"Well, John," he said, as he relinquished his embrace and gazed with a fond look at her who was so dear to him, "I shall not object if Mattie is willing."

"Oh! we arranged that as we came along," replied the young man.

Mattie blushed, but said nothing.

In a short time the hunted-down minister was called upon to perform a marriage service in that lone house. It was an impressive scene. Yet no diamonds glittered upon the neck of the bride; no pearls looped up her tresses; but a pure love glowed within her heart as she gave utterance to a vow which was registered in heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade his daughter and her husband an affectionate farewell, and set out with his friends to join others who had been driven from their homes, and were now rallying under the old flag to fight for the Union, and, as they said, "Redeem old Tennessee!"

THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.

We devote page 196 to an illustration of the great battle won by General Curtis at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, on 6th, 7th, and 8th March. The official report of General Curtis is as follows:

Head-quarters, Army of the Southwest,
Pea Ridge, Arkansas, *March 9*, 1862.

General,—On Thursday, the 6th inst., the enemy commenced an attack on my right wing, assailing and following the rear-guard of a detachment under General Siegel to my main lines on Sugar Creek Hollow, but ceased firing when he met my reinforcements about four P.M.

During the night I became convinced that he had moved on so as to attack my right or rear, therefore early on the 7th I ordered a change of front to the right, my right, which thus became my left, still resting on Sugar Creek Hollow. This brought my line across Pea Ridge, with my new right resting on Head Cross Timber Hollow, which is the head of Big Sugar Creek. I also ordered an immediate advance of the cavalry and light artillery, under Colonel Osterhaus, with orders to attack and break what I supposed would be the reinforced line of the enemy. This movement was in progress when the enemy, at eleven A.M., commenced an attack on my right. The fight continued mainly at these points during the day, the enemy having gained the point held by the command of Colonel Carr, at Cross Timber Hollow, but was entirely repulsed, with the fall of the commander, M'Culloch, in the centre, by the forces under Colonel Davis. The plan of attack on the centre was gallantly carried forward by Colonel Osterhaus, who was immediately sustained and supported by Colonel Davis's entire division, supported also by General Siegel's command, which had remained till near the close of the day on the left. Colonel Carr's division held the right under a galling, continuous fire all day.

In the evening, firing having entirely ceased in the centre, and the right being now on the left, I reinforced the right by a portion of the Second Division, under General Asboth. Before the day closed I was convinced that the enemy had concentrated his main force on the right. I commenced another change of front forward, so as to face the enemy where he had deployed on my right flank in a strong position. The change had only been partially effected, but was in full progress when, at sunrise on the 8th, my right and centre renewed the firing, which was immediately answered by the enemy with renewed energy along the whole extent of his line. My left, under General Siegel, moved close to the hills occupied by the enemy, driving him from the heights, and advancing steadily toward the head of the hollows. I immediately ordered the centre and right wing forward, the right turning the left of the enemy, and cross-firing on his centre. This final position of the enemy was in the arc of a circle. *A charge of infantry, extending throughout the whole line, completely routed the whole rebel force*, which retired in great confusion, but rather safely, through the deep, impassable defiles of cross-timber.

Our loss is heavy. The enemy's can never be ascertained, for their dead are scattered over a large field. Their wounded, too, may many of them be lost and perish. The force is scattered in all directions, but I think his main force has returned to Boston Mountains.

General Siegel follows him toward Keithsville, while my cavalry is pursuing him toward the mountains, scouring the country, bringing in prisoners, and trying to find the rebel Major-General Van Dorn, who had command of the entire force at this, the battle of Pea Ridge.

I have not as yet statements of the dead and wounded, so as to justify a report, but I will refer you to a dispatch which I will forward very soon.

Officers and soldiers have displayed such unusual gallantry that I hardly dare to make distinction. I must, however, name the commanders of division. General Siegel gallantly commanded the right, and drove back the left wing of the enemy; General Asboth, who is wounded in the arm, in his gallant effort to reinforce the right; Colonel and Acting Brigadier-General Davis, who commanded the centre, where M'Culloch fell on the 7th, and pressed forward the centre on the 8th. Colonel and Acting Brigadier-General Carr is also wounded in the arm, and was under the continuous fire of the enemy during the two hardest days of the struggle.

Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, and Missouri may proudly share the honor of victory which their gallant heroes won over the combined forces of Van Dorn, Price, and M'Culloch at Pea Ridge, in the mountains of Arkansas.

The rebels, it is said, had thirty-five thousand men in the field, among whom were twenty-two hundred Indians, under Albert Pike. The rebels acknowledge a loss of eleven hundred killed, and nearly three thousand wounded. Our loss was six hundred killed and from eight hundred to one thousand wounded. We took sixteen hundred prisoners and thirteen pieces of cannon.

COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY.

We publish on page 197 illustrations of Columbus, Kentucky, from sketches by Mr. Alexander Simplot. The *Herald* correspondent thus described the place after the evacuation:

The river batteries have been almost entirely demolished—three tiers of them—their guns dismounted and thrown into the river, the gun-carriages mutilated and magazines demolished, leaving nothing to mark their former presence save ruined breast-works and huge piles of cannon-balls and shells. Just below the upper river battery, a huge chain, which has been christened "Pillow's Folly," emerges from the water, extends up the almost perpendicular bank a hundred feet or more, and disappears under the soil, where it extends to—the Lord only knows where. This is the Kentucky end of the chain which the valiant inside-ditch-digger had stretched across the river to obstruct the passage of our gun-boats. A few feet above the chain and below the battery I counted five sixty-four pound guns which had been thrown over the breast-works, with the intention of sinking them in the river; but they had lodged in the yielding earth and become immovable. Two others lay a few rods below, which had been taken from the batteries on the bluff.

Within the breast-works on the hill there was nothing to be seen but the wildest desolation. Burning piles of rubbish, smouldering heaps of grain—the remnants of burned warehouses—charred timbers of what were once quarters for the troops, broken gun-carriages and disabled ordnance, completed the picture.

Leaving the lower town and ascending the hill in the rear, we get the most comprehensive view of the rebel works. From one point near the top of the hill my guide pointed out to me the locality of no less than eight different batteries, besides the positions of forty-five or fifty isolated pieces of heavy artillery. In all, I computed that a month ago there could not have been less than one hundred and thirty pieces of artillery, of the calibre of twenty-four pounders and upward, added to which there were over seventy pieces of light field artillery. Most of these heavy guns are now in the river, or disabled upon the works, easily fished up when the floods go down, or repaired by skillful workmen. I saw in the north fort, upon the brow of the bluff, the ruins of the celebrated one-hundred-and-twenty pounder, Lady Polk, which burst in November last, coming so near causing the Very Reverend Bishop General to "puss in his cheeks." My guide was one of the gunners upon that occasion, and it was really amusing to hear his rendition of the affair:

"You see," said he, pointing to the breech of the piece, which lay precisely where it fell when the accident occurred, "dat is de butt of Lady Boke what busted. You see I vas standin' shoost here mit der sponge. Shendrel Boke shtood right dere on horsepach, und dem fellers mit der gold lace on der arms, und all over, was shtandin' all 'round; den der Shendrel say, 'Poys, look out; ven Lady Boke speaks I always sthop mine ears up.' Den he rides oop and dakes der lanyard and sherk him, and, mein Cott, you oughter see how Lady Boke she flies in leetle bieces. Her preech flies pack und shlaps ter Shendrel mit der pread pasket und makes him double up like mine shack knife. Der Shendrel vas hurted purty pad, und his horse vas killed; but he shumps up and say, 'Never mind me, poys; dake care of dem odder fellers.' Den I look 'round, und dere was eight mens killed and more as a dozen wounded."

TORPEDOES AT COLUMBUS.

We illustrate on page 198, from sketches by our correspondent, Mr. Alexander Simplot, the Torpedoes and Infernal Machines which have been discovered by our troops at Columbus. The correspondent of the Chicago *Times* thus describes them:

After two days' exploration for infernal machines, and to discover where the bluff had been mined, as was reported to have been done, Captain W. A. Schmitt and company, of the Twenty-seventh Regiment, discovered ridges of new earth, similar to ridges which are formed by covering up gas or water pipes in a city, and traced them to a cavern. Effecting an entrance he found a strong, rude, wooden frame, covered by earth to attract no attention. Inside this, with the assistance of a light, he found implements similar to those used in a telegraph office, with wires running in a dozen different directions. Following the raised rows of earth he soon came to a spot where something had evidently been buried. Digging down some five feet, he came to a large iron cask, about three

feet high, and a foot and a half through, in shape as near as can be described to a well-formed pear, with an iron cap fastened by eight screws. Taking off the cap we found grape, canister, and four eight-pound shell, surrounded by about two bushels of coarse powder. On the bottom of the cask there was a wooden box containing several batteries, with hollow wires attached to two larger wires, covered with a substance impervious to water, connecting with the cavern before spoken of. A dozen of these iron pots or casks were thus united with this cavern. Half a dozen of these caverns have been found, and probably 75 or 100 of these infernal machines are thus buried in the earth, some distance from the enemy's works; and the time to be exploded would be when our infantry had driven them inside their works—a sentinel would give the operator inside the cavern a signal, and he would send the electric spark through all the wires, and decamp. The result may be imagined. Whole regiments could thus be blown up and sent to eternity, without even a chance of escape. The discoveries, as far as made, are all on the north and north-east portions of their works. Probably other parts of the works are similarly mined. Fortunately their fiendish designs were discovered in time, and no damage has been done by soldiers, who are constantly on the look-out for discoveries, and might by accident have set off the train.

Another class of infernal machines, called torpedoes, have been discovered anchored in the river. They are round, about three feet long and a foot and a half in diameter, with one end tapering off to a point. The river is very high, and the number can not be made out. It took three steamers five days to sink what are in the bottom of the river. The very high stage of water has prevented any damage to either gun-boat or transport.

A THRILLING SCENE IN TENNESSEE.

WE illustrate on page 193 a thrilling scene which took place in Eastern Tennessee in connection with the recent uprising of Union men in that region of country. We take the following account from the Knoxville *Register* of February 8.

The facts connected with the burning of the Lick Creek Bridge, as they appeared in the testimony elicited by the Court-martial, have come into our possession from an authentic source, and are as follows:

A man by the name of David Fry, in connection with William B. Carter, both citizens of East Tennessee, but who had lately deserted the land of their birth, fled to Kentucky, and connected themselves with the enemies of their country, returned to East Tennessee after the repulse of General Zollicoffer's command at Rockcastle Hill, for the purpose of inciting a conspiracy with the traitors on this side, which would result in the entire destruction of the railroad facilities here, and then break up and entirely cut off communication between Virginia and the remaining States of the Confederacy, prevent the transportation of troops, provisions, and munitions of war, and thus open the way for the successful invasion of our State. These two men, as is supposed, came first into the county of Anderson, and then, concealed at the house of a Union man, sent, as one of the witnesses heard, for William Pickens, of Sevier, who made the attempt upon Strawberry Plains Bridge, but who, with his gang of fifteen men, was repulsed by Keelan single-handed and alone, Pickens himself falling seriously wounded.

It is known that Fry and Carter passed on into Roane County, and parted at Kingston. At this point we lose sight of Carter, as no evidence has yet appeared of his whereabouts after that time. Fry, however, proceeded on his journey up the country, passing through Loudon (no doubt making every arrangement for the destruction of that bridge), then passing through Blount County, and finally reaching Greene County two days before the burning of Lick Creek Bridge.

Traveling, as he did, at nights, and lying by in daylight, stealthily and treacherously creeping from one traitor's house to another, his movements could not be traced until he arrived, on the night of Wednesday, the 6th of November, at the house of Anderson Walker, in Greene County. Here he remained until the night of Thursday, the 7th, when he proceeded to Martin Walker's, arriving about eight o'clock at night. At Martin Walker's he met his wife, and remained until two o'clock in the morning of the 8th, stating to Walker that he was on his way to Kentucky, but wanted to see a friend near Midway (Lick Creek Bridge), and asking if Jacob Harmon was as good a Union man as ever. As appeared from the testimony, Fry made no revelations to Walker of his plans; but starting, as he did, at two o'clock, and not being familiar with the roads, Walker piloted him about three miles in the direction of Midway.

After leaving Walker, Fry stopped at the house of Daniel Smith, a noted Union man, living five or six miles from the bridge, arriving there about one hour before daylight. Immediately Fry laid his plans before Smith, who agreed to act as a messenger from Fry to Jacob Harmon to communicate to Harmon that he (Fry) was at Smith's house; that he had come to destroy the railroad, and that he wanted to see Harmon at Smith's house that morning. This message was communicated by Smith to Jacob Harmon about eight o'clock on the morning of the 8th of November; and accordingly Harmon, who was a leading Union spirit in the neighborhood, repaired to Smith's house, where the plans were unfolded, and the plot and programme agreed upon. Harmon was to go home, circulate the fact throughout the neighborhood, and gather the Unionists, assembling them at his house on that night, while Fry would remain at Smith's until nightfall, and then repair to Harmon's house to consummate the conspiracy.

Harmon did his share of the work well, for as early as nine o'clock at night between thirty and forty conspirators had met at his house, ready to be led by their chief on his arrival, and eager for the destruction of the property. At that hour Fry alighted from his horse and bounded into the yard, exclaiming: "Friends, I am Colonel Fry, and am come to share with you." The party immediately assembled in the house, when Fry commenced haranguing the crowd by revealing his plans, and urging them on to deeds of violence, until the crowd were almost unanimous in their expressions of approbation, and with one accord determined that the bridge should be destroyed—that Fry should be their leader, and that they would follow him, if necessary, to death.

Fry drew forth a United States flag, and spreading it upon a table in the centre of the room, called upon his followers to surround that emblem of the Union, and take with him the oath of allegiance. This was late in the night; and after the whole plot had been fully understood, the conspirators surrounded the table in groups, and, by direction of the leader, placed their left hands upon the folds of the flag, raising aloft their right hands, and swearing to support the Constitution of the United States, to sustain the flag there spread before them, and to do that night whatever may be impressed upon them by their chief. This oath was taken by all, except two or three, in solemn earnest, and in silence; the darkness relieved alone by the dim and flickering light of a solitary candle. The scene was impressive—the occasion was full of moment—the hour was fit, and every thing conspired to fill the hearts of the traitors with a fixed determination.

Aroused thus to the highest pitch of malice and revenge, the chief of the conspirators immediately led the way to the bridge, and was followed in eager haste by the willing crowd. The Confederate guard, consisting of five soldiers, watching the bridge, were immediately surrounded by the infuriated mob, and were held in close confinement, while Fry, still leading the way and still followed by the boldest of his clan, hastened to the wooden structure, applied the torch, and the whole was consumed and burned to the ground in an hour.

FORT CLINCH, FLORIDA.

OUR special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, has sent us sketches from the recent expedition under Commodore Dupont, one of which, representing FORT CLINCH, Florida, the first of the forts possessed by the United States forces, we reproduce on page 198.

Commodore Dupont reported to the Navy Department regarding Fernandina and its defenses:

The towns of St. Marys and Fernandina are uninjured. I visited the town, Fort Clinch, and the earth-works on the sea face of the island. It is impossible to look at these preparations for a vigorous defense without being surprised that they should have been voluntarily deserted. The batteries on the north and northeast shores are as complete as art can make them. Six are well concealed and protected by ranges of sand hills in front, contain a perfect shelter for the men, and are so small and thoroughly covered by the natural growth and by the varied contours of the land, that to strike them from the water would be the mere result of chance. A battery of six guns, though larger, and affording therefore a better mark, is equally well sheltered and masked. These batteries, and the heavy guns mounted on Fort Clinch, command all the turnings of the main ship channel, and rake an approaching enemy. Besides them there was another battery of four guns mounted on the south end of Cumberland Island, the fire of which would cross the channel inside the bar. The difficulties arising from the indirectness of the channel and from the shoalness of the bar would have added to the defenses by keeping the approaching vessels a long time exposed to fire under great disadvantages; and when the ships of an enemy had passed all these defenses, they would have to encounter a well-constructed and naturally masked battery at the town, which commands the access to the inner anchorage. We are told that General Lee pronounced the place perfectly defensible. We are not surprised at this, if true. We captured Port Royal, but Fernandina and Fort Clinch have been given to us.

THE ADVANCE OF THE GRAND ARMY INTO VIRGINIA.

WE devote pages 200, 201, and 204 to illustrations of the ADVANCE OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, UNDER GENERAL M'CLELLAN, INTO THE REBEL STATE OF VIRGINIA. Our pictures are from sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud, who accompanies the army. One of the sketches on page 200 represents the BRIDGE OVER BULL RUN, near Blackburn's Ford, where some hard fighting took place on 18th July, 1861. It will be well remembered by the three months' troops. The large picture above shows us GENERALS M'CLELLAN AND M'DOWELL CROSSING BLACKBURN'S FORD with an escort of two thousand cavalry. The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* thus describes the crossing of Blackburn's Ford:

About noon Generals M'Clellan and M'Dowell, with their staffs, and two thousand cavalry for an escort, came up and took the road to Manassas. We fell in with them and followed on down to Manassas. All along to the left of the road was one continuous string of huts, tents, and forts, all empty now—not a human being or animal showed themselves—not a sound save the clatter of the horses' hoofs, the shrill tones of the bugles, or the loud orders of the officers.

At Blackburn's Ford we saw the old battle-field of July 18. The Butler House, which was between the two forces, and had been riddled with shot and shell, has been repaired. It was here Beauregard was dining, and made such a narrow escape at the time. The tree tops bear the evidence of the way the shot and shells flew around. Large limbs were cut off, and tree tops twisted in a hundred directions, as though struck by lightning. The woods in which the New York Twelfth, the First and Second Michigan, and the Massachusetts First went down has all been cut away, and we can now see where the rebels had their artillery, upon the bank of Bull Run, behind a breast-work of logs and dirt.

The Washington Artillery of New Orleans and three South Carolina regiments have been encamped near the Butler House for the winter, but started away some time ago. The artillery left a quantity of harness, etc. None of their tents were destroyed. Further down are the tents of a whole division, all pitched, as though the occupants had gone home to recruit and re-enlist, but had not yet returned.

The Plains of Manassas are really what their name implies. The time was when there were objects which obstructed the range of vision, but they are all gone now; for miles around we have an unbroken view. On the hills around are the camps still left, and a column of smoke away off to the right indicated that Manassas was on fire. Our cavalry had gone there during Monday night, and found the rear of the enemy still there; but they were firing the remaining property. A captain, by whose side we rode, told us of piles of new secesh clothes, swords, flags, etc.; galloping ahead of the rest, we reached the Junction.

The sight here can not be portrayed; the large machine shops, the station-houses, the Commissary and Quartermaster store-houses, all in ashes. On the track stood the wreck of a locomotive, and not far down the remains of four freight cars which had been burned; to the right, five hundred barrels of flour had been stove in, and two hundred barrels of vinegar and molasses had been allowed to try experiments in chemical combinations. Some fifty barrels of pork and beef had been scattered around in the mud, and a few hundred yards down the track a dense cloud of smoke was arising from the remains of a factory, which had been used for rendering up tallow and boiling bones. About a thousand good hides were stretched in a field close by upon stakes, and remain uninjured.

On the same page a small picture illustrates the EVACUATION OF MANASSAS JUNCTION BY THE REBELS, and the burning of their huts—a dreary, dismal scene. All the correspondents concur in saying that it was desolation intensified. Every thing the rebels could not readily carry away they destroyed, burning houses, clothes, and stores of all kinds, and rendering the place a perfect wilderness.

On page 204 we illustrate the INTERSECTION OF THE ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA RAILROAD WITH THE MANASSAS GAP LINE. This is the "Junction" which has given its name to the spot, and which imparted to the place so much military importance. The possession of the Junction gives us command of both roads.

The same page contains a general view of CENTREVILLE, showing the rebel Winter Quarters there, mostly in flames and ashes. On one side will be seen a fort which formed the key of their works. In the distance is the Bull Run battle-field; and further yet may be seen the Blue Ridge, with the fires which mark burning bridges and homesteads in flames. Desolation on every side.

It appears that every thing which the rebels could destroy in their retreat was consumed. The store-houses at Manassas, with a large quantity of flour, were burned, and the Warrenton Station, together with the hotel and five or six dwellings. The bridge over Cedar Creek, two miles north of Warrenton, was burned down, and a freight train of fifty-two cars, loaded with commissary stores worth $20,000, was set on fire at Thoroughfare Station, twelve miles from Manassas, on the road to Winchester, but were rescued from destruction by our troops before they were consumed.

Mr. Waud will continue to accompany the army under General M'Clellan, and will illustrate every event of note for *Harper's Weekly*.

MAP OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

IN order to enable our readers to understand the oft-repeated expression of the "Anaconda" tightening its folds round the rebels, we publish a general MAP of the seat of the rebellion on page 199, showing the relative position of the rebel and the Union forces. Sixty days ago those positions were very different. Then the rebels held half of Missouri, nearly half of Kentucky, and Eastern Virginia to the Potomac. Their present retiring line is seen on the Map, whose author writes as follows concerning it:

The Map on page 199 represents the region of SECESSIA, with all its railroad communications and principal rivers; also the present position of the Union and rebel forces. By reference to the Map it will be seen that some railroads are of great importance in concentrating rebel military forces to oppose the progress of the Union armies, and in facilitating the movements of the traitorous soldiers in their retreats from merited chastisement. The railroad through Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee is a very important one, communicating at Lynchburg with the railroads of Eastern Virginia and North Carolina, and connecting at Chattanooga with the extended railroads of North Alabama, Mississippi, and West Tennessee; while at Dalton it connects with the railroads of Georgia, South Carolina, the railroads and navigable waters of Alabama. With this railroad in the possession of our forces soon to be at Knoxville, the rebel army recently at Manassas can not retreat to the mountainous region of Chattanooga, Stevenson, Cleveland, and Dalton; which region, for defense in a desperate struggle, is the strongest in the Southern States. Memphis, Corinth, Mississippi; Knoxville and Chattanooga, Tennessee; Dalton, Atlanta, Augusta, Georgia; Goldsborough, North Carolina; Lynchburg and Richmond, Virginia, may be noted as very important points in the railroad communications of the Southern States. By the Map, on which the line of Union forces is represented, it will be observed how these important places are menaced by the different divisions of our armies in motion.

The victorious army under General Curtis having scattered the united rebel forces west of the Mississippi, has command by this time of the navigable rivers of Arkansas. Using the Arkansas River, nature will carry his army to the rear of Memphis, or to unprotected Vicksburg, Natchez, and the Lower Mississippi at the proper time. The victorious General Pope, by the same law of gravitation, can move toward Memphis from the north, at the time General Grant and his heroic troops move up the Tennessee River, and, reducing Savannah, march overland westward to Memphis. General Buell and his powerful army have their front toward Northern Alabama and Northwestern Georgia. General Frémont is preparing to put the army of the Mountain Department in motion as soon as the weather in those elevated regions will allow. General M'Clellan, with his splendid and disciplined army, is in motion after the retiring army of rebels which expected to have passed the winter in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and to have been paid in New York. As that intention has not been allowed to the accidental victors of Bull Run, they may not speculate on where they will pass the spring and summer, and what pay they will get. General Burnside is at work in the rear of Norfolk, Weldon, and Goldsborough.

General Sherman is occupying a strong force of the rebels to protect Savannah and Charleston. Brunswick, Georgia, Fernandina, and Cedar Keys, Florida, Fort Pickens, and Ship Island are ours as bases for other operations; and probably before the next issue of our *Weekly* something will occur near Ship Island which will make a report to be heard throughout the country, and a shock which will be felt as far north as Richmond.

CAPTAIN ERICSSON.

ON page 205 we give a portrait of CAPTAIN ERICSSON, the inventor and builder of the *Monitor*, of which we give below some diagrams. The following is a sketch of his life:

John Ericsson was born in 1803, in the province of Vermeland, among the iron mountains of Sweden. His father was a mining proprietor, so that in his youth he had ample opportunities to watch the operations of the various engines and machinery connected with the mines.

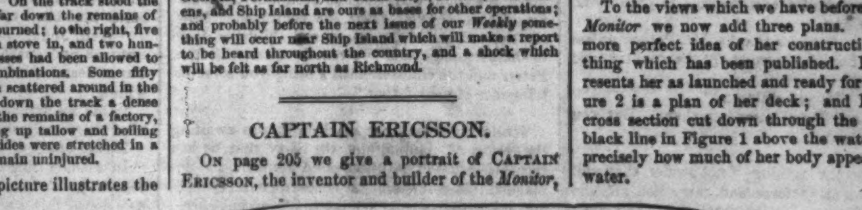
In 1814 he attracted the attention of the celebrated Count Platen, who had heard of his boyish efforts, and desired an interview with him. After carefully examining the various plans and drawings which this youth exhibited on this occasion, the Count handed them back to him, simply observing, in an impressive manner, "Continue as you have commenced, and you will one day produce something extraordinary." These few words of kind encouragement from so distinguished a personage sunk deeply into the mind of the young mechanician, and confirmed him in the career on which he had entered. Immediately after this interview young Ericsson was appointed a cadet in the corps of engineers; and after six months' tuition, at the age of twelve years, was appointed *nivelleur* at the Grand Ship Canal of Sweden, which connects the North Sea with the Baltic, under Count Platen. In this capacity, in the year 1816, he was required to set out the work for more than six hundred men, and at that time he was not tall enough to look through the leveling instrument, and in using it he was obliged to mount upon a stool, carried by his attendants for that purpose. As the discipline in the Swedish army required that the soldier should always uncover his head in speaking to his superior, gray-headed men came, cap in hand, to receive their instructions from this mere child. There are now many important works on the canal constructed after drawings made by Ericsson at this early age. At the age of fifteen he was in possession of accurate plans of the whole work, drawn by his own hand. His associations with military men on the canal had given him a tendency for military life, and at the age of seventeen he entered the Swedish army as an ensign. About this time the Government had ordered the northern part of Sweden to be surveyed, and that officers in the army should be employed in this service. Ericsson, whose regiment was stationed in the Northern Highland, was appointed on the survey. There are yet in the archives of Sweden detailed maps of upward of fifty square miles made by his hand.

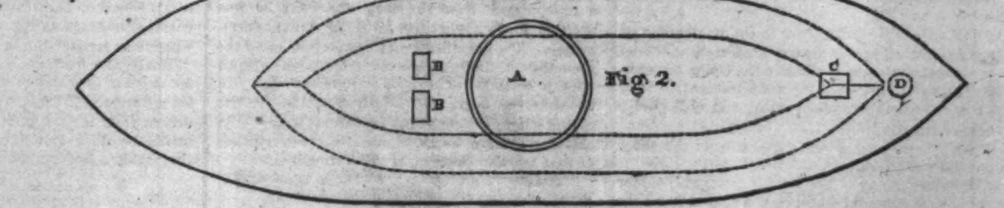
While thus variously occupied, being on a visit to the house of his Colonel, Ericsson on one occasion showed his host how readily and by what simple means mechanical power may be produced, independently of steam, by condensing flame. On the 18th of May, 1826, he obtained permission from the King to visit England. In the fall of 1829 the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company offered a prize for the best locomotive engine, to be tested on the small portion of the railway then completed. Ericsson, not willing to allow this occasion to escape him, immediately set to work, planned the engine, executed the working drawings, and caused the patterns to be made, and the whole machine was completed within seven weeks. The day of trial arrived. The competing engines were on the ground, and the novelty of the race had attracted an immense concourse of people. Both sides of the railway, for more than a mile in length, were lined with thousands of spectators, and to the surprise and admiration of the crowd, the Novelty steam-carriage started, guided by its inventor, Ericsson, assisted by John Braithwaite, and darted along the track at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Mr. Ericsson was the first to apply to marine engines centrifugal blowers, now so common in this country in all boilers using anthracite coal. In the year 1831 he applied such a blower, worked by a separate small steam-engine, to the steam-packet *Corsair*, of 120-horse power, plying between Liverpool and Belfast.

Mr. Ericsson emigrated to this country in 1839, then being thirty-six years old. His first great achievement after his arrival was the building of the United States steam-frigate *Princeton*, the first vessel that steam was ever introduced into with the works below the water-line. She proved a complete success. About the same time he planned the French frigate *Pomone*, fifty guns, which is at present in our waters; she also proving a great success. Captain Ericsson, after the completion of these vessels, gave his whole time to his favorite work, the completion of the caloric engine, which he has since brought to great perfection, though on a small scale. His next undertaking was the planning and invention of the steamer *Ericsson*, which is familiar to all our readers. He did the whole work, from the time her keel was laid to the moment that her paddles were first turned, in the brief space of seven months. Although not answering all that was commercially expected of her, she was an entire mechanical success, speaking more than words of the great genius of the inventor, and as a marine structure she has never been equaled, much less surpassed. The name of Captain Ericsson has been comparatively unheard of for some time past, until the commencement of another new idea of his, as illustrated so satisfactorily in the new noble steam-battery *Monitor*. He signed the contract for her construction on the 5th day of last October, and on the 31st of December—being a period of two months and eight days—her steam, machinery, and propeller were put into operation, and on the one hundred and first working day she was launched. This is a celerity which has never been equaled in this country or in England.

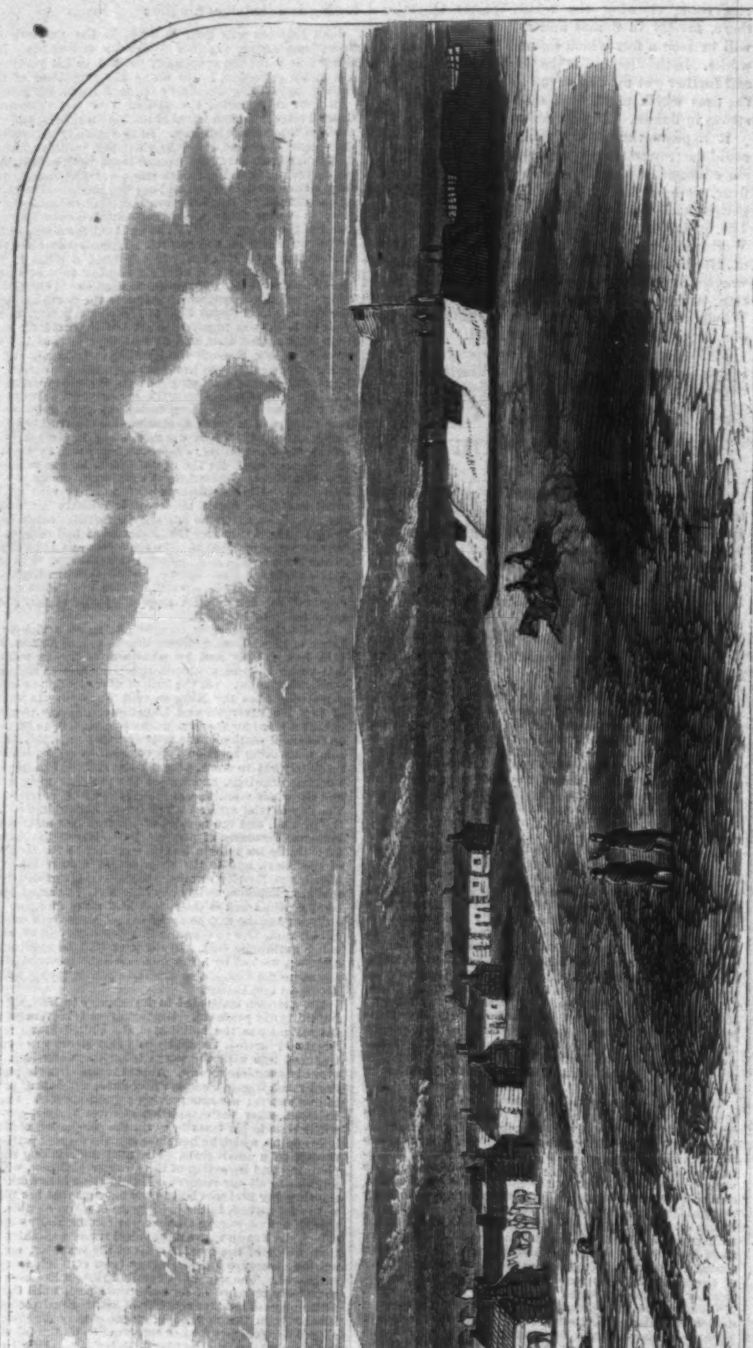
THE "MONITOR."

To the views which we have before given of the *Monitor* we now add three plans. They give a more perfect idea of her construction than any thing which has been published. Figure 1 represents her as launched and ready for action; Figure 2 is a plan of her deck; and Figure 3 is a cross section cut down through the turret. The black line in Figure 1 above the water-line shows precisely how much of her body appears above the water.

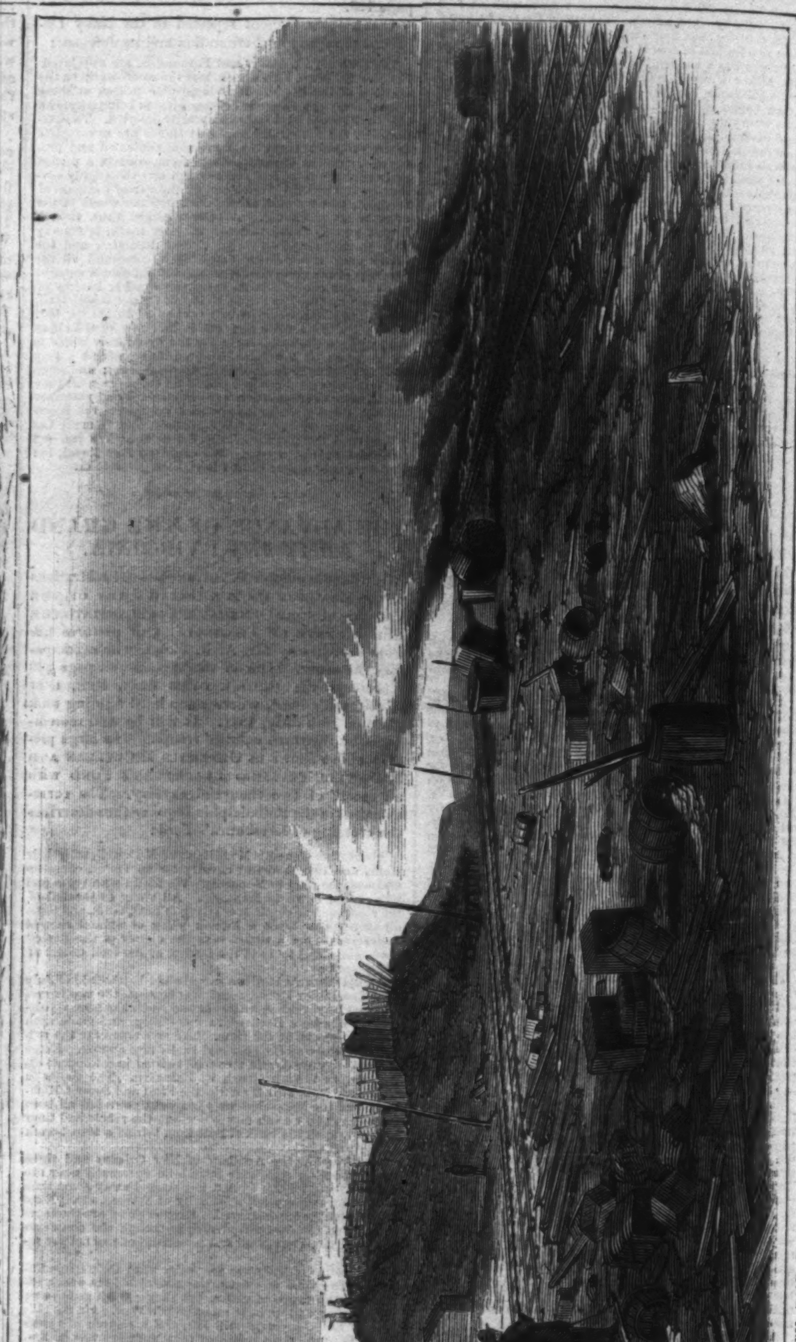




A, Revolving Turret.—B, B, Smoke-pipe.—C, Pilot-house.—D, Anchor Well.—E, Rudder.—F, Propeller.—G, Iron Armor.—H, Braces for Deck Beams.—K, K, Water-line.—L, Dahlgren Gun.—M, Gun-carriage.



REBEL WINTER-QUARTERS AT CENTREVILLE, VIRGINIA, WITH BULL RUN IN THE DISTANCE.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 203.]



INTERSECTION OF THE ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA RAILROAD WITH THE MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD AT MANASSAS JUNCTION.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 203.]

CAPTAIN JOHN ERICSSON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GREY & Co.—[SEE PAGE 203.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER V.

MR. VANSTONE'S inquiries into the proposed theatrical entertainment at Evergreen Lodge were answered by a narrative of dramatic disasters, of which Miss Marrable impersonated the innocent cause, and in which her father and mother played the parts of chief victims.

Miss Marrable was that hardest of all born tyrants—an only child. She had never granted a constitutional privilege to her oppressed father and mother since the time when she cut her first tooth. Her seventeenth birthday was now near at hand; she had decided on celebrating it by acting a play, had issued her orders accordingly, and had been obeyed by her docile parents as implicitly as usual. Mrs. Marrable gave up the drawing-room to be laid waste for a stage and a theatre. Mr. Marrable secured the services of a respectable professional person to drill the young ladies and gentlemen, and to accept all the other responsibilities incidental to creating a dramatic world out of a domestic chaos. Having further accustomed themselves to the breaking of furniture and the staining of walls—to thumping, tumbling, hammering, and screaming; to doors always banging, and to footsteps perpetually running up and down stairs—the nominal master and mistress of the house fondly believed that their chief troubles were over. Innocent and fatal delusion! It is one thing, in private society, to set up the stage and choose the play—it is another thing altogether to find the actors. Hitherto, only the small preliminary annoyances proper to the occasion had shown themselves at Evergreen Lodge. The sound and serious troubles were all to come.

"The Rivals" having been chosen as the play, Miss Marrable, as a matter of course, appropriated to herself the part of "Lydia Languish." One of her favored swains next secured "Captain Absolute," and another laid violent hands on "Sir Lucius O'Trigger." These two were followed by an accommodating spinster-relative, who accepted the heavy dramatic responsibility of "Mrs. Malaprop"—and there the theatrical proceedings came to a pause. Nine more speaking characters were left to be fitted with representatives; and with that unavoidable necessity the serious troubles began.

All the friends of the family suddenly became unreliable people, for the first time in their lives. After encouraging the idea of the play, they declined the personal sacrifice of acting in it—or they accepted characters, and then broke down in the effort to study them—or they volunteered to take the parts which they knew were already engaged, and declined the parts which were waiting to be acted—or they were afflicted with weak constitutions, and mischievously fell ill when they were wanted at rehearsal—or they had Puritan relatives in the back-ground, and, after slipping into their parts cheerfully at the week's beginning, oozed out of them penitently, under serious family pressure, at the week's end. Meanwhile the carpenters hammered and the scenes rose. Miss Marrable, whose temperament was sensitive, became hysterical under the strain of perpetual anxiety; the family doctor declined to answer for the nervous consequences if something was not done. Renewed efforts were made in every direction. Actors and actresses were sought with a desperate disregard of all considerations of personal fitness. Necessity, which knows no law, either in the drama or out of it, accepted a lad of eighteen as the representative of "Sir Antony Absolute," the stage-manager undertaking to supply the necessary wrinkles from the illimitable resources of theatrical art. A lady whose age was unknown, and whose personal appearance was stout—but whose heart was in the right place—volunteered to act the part of the sentimental "Julia," and brought with her the dramatic qualification of habitually wearing a wig in private life. Thanks to these vigorous measures, the play was at last supplied with representatives—always excepting the two unmanageable characters of "Lucy," the waiting-maid, and "Falkland," Julia's jealous lover. Gentlemen came; saw Julia at rehearsal; observed her stoutness and her wig; omitted to notice that her heart was in the right place; quailed at the prospect, apologized, and retired. Ladies read the part of "Lucy;" remarked that she appeared to great advantage in the first half of the play, and faded out of it altogether in the latter half; objected to pass from the notice of the audience in that manner, when all the rest had a chance of distinguishing themselves to the end; shut up the book, apologized, and retired. In eight days more the night of performance would arrive; a phalanx of social martyrs two hundred strong had been convened to witness it; three full rehearsals were absolutely necessary; and two characters in the play were not filled yet. With this lamentable story, and with the humblest apologies for presuming on a slight acquaintance, the Marrables appeared at Combe-Raven to appeal to the young ladies for a "Lucy," and to the universe for a "Falkland," with the mendicant pertinacity of a family in despair."

This statement of circumstances—addressed to an audience which included a father of Mr. Vanstone's disposition, and a daughter of Magdalen's temperament—produced the result which might have been anticipated from the first.

Either misinterpreting or disregarding the ominous silence preserved by his wife and Miss Garth, Mr. Vanstone not only gave Magdalen permission to assist the forlorn dramatic company, but accepted an invitation to witness the performance for Norah and himself. Mrs. Vanstone declined accompanying them on account of her health; and Miss Garth only engaged to make one among the audience, conditionally on not being wanted at home. The "parts" of "Lucy" and "Falkland" (which the distressed family carried about with them every where, like incidental maladies) were handed to their representatives on the spot. Frank's faint remonstrances were rejected without a hearing; the days and hours of rehearsal were carefully noted down on the covers of the parts; and the Marrables took their leave, with a perfect explosion of thanks—father, mother, and daughter sowing their expressions of gratitude broadcast, from the drawing-room door to the garden gates.

As soon as the carriage had driven away, Magdalen presented herself to the general observation under an entirely new aspect.

"If any more visitors call to-day," she said, with the profoundest gravity of look and manner, "I am not at home. This is a far more serious matter than any of you suppose. Go somewhere by yourself Frank, and read over your part, and don't let your attention wander if you can possibly help it. I shall not be accessible before the evening. If you will come here—with papa's permission—after tea, my views on the subject of Falkland will be at your disposal. Thomas! whatever else the gardener does, he is not to make any floricultural noises under my window. For the rest of the afternoon I shall be immersed in study—and the quieter the house is, the more obliged I shall feel to every body."

Before Miss Garth's battery of reproof could open fire, before the first outburst of Mr. Vanstone's hearty laughter could escape his lips, she bowed to them with imperturbable gravity; ascended the house steps for the first time in her life at a walk instead of a run, and retired then and there to the bedroom regions. Frank's helpless astonishment at her disappearance added a new element of absurdity to the scene. He stood first on one leg and then on the other; rolling and unrolling his part, and looking piteously in the faces of the friends about him. "I know I can't do it," he said. "May I come in after tea and hear Magdalen's views? Thank you—I'll look in about eight. Don't tell my father about this acting, please: I should never hear the last of it." Those were the only words he had spirit enough to utter. He drifted away aimlessly in the direction of the shrubbery, with the part hanging open in his hand—the most incapable of Falklands, and the most helpless of mankind.

Frank's departure left the family by themselves, and was the signal accordingly for an attack on Mr. Vanstone's inveterate carelessness in the exercise of his paternal authority.

"What could you possibly be thinking of, Andrew, when you gave your consent?" said Mrs. Vanstone. "Surely my silence was a sufficient warning to you to say No?"

"A mistake, Mr. Vanstone," chimed in Miss Garth. "Made with the best intentions—but a mistake for all that."

"It may be a mistake," said Norah, taking her father's part as usual. "But I really don't see how papa, or any one else, could have declined, under the circumstances."

"Quite right, my dear," observed Mr. Vanstone. "The circumstances, as you say, were dead against me. Here were these unfortunate people in a scrape on one side; and Magdalen, on the other, mad to act. I couldn't say I had methodistical objections—I've nothing methodistical about me. What other excuse could I make? The Marrables are respectable people, and keep the best company in Clifton. What harm can she get in their house? If you come to prudence and that sort of thing—why shouldn't Magdalen do what Miss Marrable does? There! there! let the poor things act, and amuse themselves. We were their age once—and it's no use making a fuss—and that's all I've got to say about it."

With that characteristic defense of his own conduct Mr. Vanstone sauntered back to the green-house to smoke another cigar.

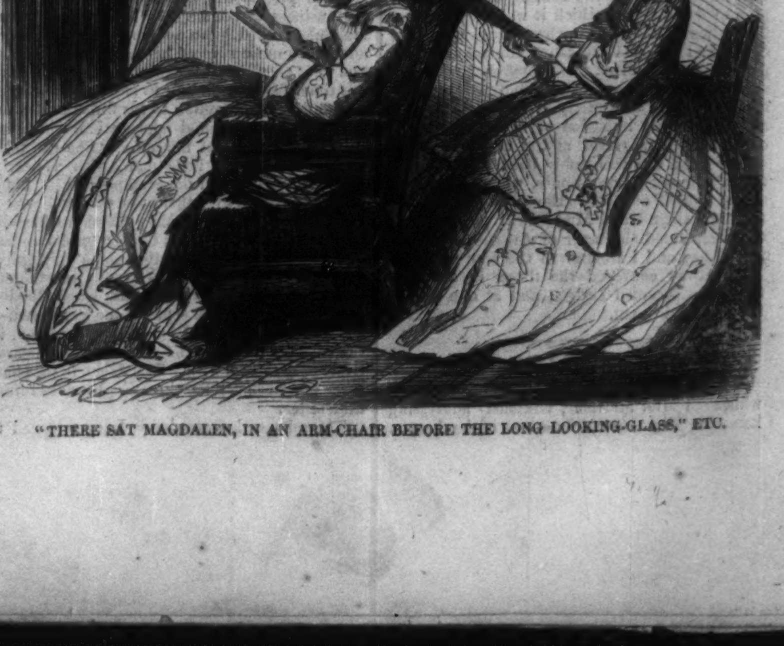
"I didn't say so to papa," said Norah, taking her mother's arm on the way back to the house; "but the bad result of the acting, in my opinion, will be the familiarity it is sure to encourage between Magdalen and Francis Clare."

"You are prejudiced against Frank, my love," said Mrs. Vanstone.

Norah's soft, secret, hazel eyes sank to the ground: she said no more. Her opinions were unchangeable—but she never disputed with any body. She had the great failing of a reserved nature—the failing of obstinacy; and the great merit—the merit of silence. "What is your head running on now?" thought Miss Garth, casting a sharp look at Norah's dark, downcast face. "You're one of the impenetrable sort. Give me Magdalen, with all her perversities; I can see daylight through her. You're as dark as night."

The hours of the afternoon passed away, and still Magdalen remained shut up in her own room. No restless footsteps pattered on the stairs; no nimble tongue was heard chattering here, there, and everywhere, from the garret to the kitchen—the house seemed hardly like itself, with the one ever-disturbing element in the family serenity suddenly withdrawn from it. Anxious to witness, with her own eyes, the reality of a transformation in which past experience still inclined her to disbelieve, Miss Garth ascended to Magdalen's room, knocked twice at the door, received no answer, opened it, and looked in.

There sat Magdalen, in an arm-chair before the long looking-glass, with all her hair let down over her shoulders, absorbed in the study of her part, and comfortably arrayed in her morning wrapper, until it was time to dress for dinner. And there behind her sat the lady's-maid, slowly combing out the long, heavy locks of her young mistress's hair, with the sleepy resignation of a woman who had been engaged in that employment for some hours past. The sun was shining, and the green shutters outside the window were closed. The dim light fell tenderly on the two quiet seated figures; on the little white bed, with the knots of rose-colored ribbon which looped up its curtains, and the bright dress for dinner laid ready across it; on the gayly painted bath, with its pure lining of white enamel; on the toilet-table with its sparkling trinkets, its crystal bottles, its silver bell with Cupid for a handle, its litter of little luxuries that adorn the shrine of a woman's bedchamber. The luxurious tranquillity of the scene; the cool fragrance of flowers and perfumes in the atmosphere; the rapt attitude of Magdalen, absorbed over her reading; the monotonous regularity of movement in the maid's hand and arm, as she drew the comb smoothly through and through her mistress's



"THERE SAT MAGDALEN, IN AN ARM-CHAIR BEFORE THE LONG LOOKING-GLASS," ETC.

hair—all conveyed the same soothing impression of drowsy, delicious quiet. On one side of the door were the broad daylight, and the familiar realities of life. On the other was the dreamland of Elysian serenity, the sanctuary of unruffled repose.

Miss Garth paused on the threshold, and looked into the room in silence.

Magdalen's curious fancy for having her hair combed at all times and seasons was among the peculiarities of her character which were notorious to every body in the house. It was one of her father's favorite jokes, that she reminded him, on such occasions, of a cat having her back stroked, and that he always expected, if the combing were only continued long enough, to hear her *purr*. Extravagant as it may seem, the comparison was not altogether inappropriate. The girl's fervid temperament intensified the essentially feminine pleasure that most women feel in the passage of the comb through their hair to a luxury of sensation which absorbed her in enjoyment, so seemingly self-demonstrative, so drowsily deep, that it did irresistibly suggest a pet cat's enjoyment under a caressing hand. Intimately as Miss Garth was acquainted with this peculiarity in her pupil, she now saw it asserting itself for the first time in association with mental exertion of any kind on Magdalen's part. Feeling, therefore, some curiosity to know how long the combing and the studying had gone on together, she ventured on putting the question, first, to the mistress, and (receiving no answer in that quarter), secondly, to the maid.

"All the afternoon, Miss, off and on," was the weary answer. "Miss Magdalen says it soothes her feelings and clears her mind."

Knowing by experience that interference would be hopeless, under these circumstances, Miss Garth turned sharply and left the room. She smiled when she was outside on the landing. The female mind does occasionally, though not often, project itself into the future. Miss Garth was prophetically pitying Magdalen's unfortunate husband.

Dinner-time presented the fair student to the family eye in the same mentally absorbed aspect. On all ordinary occasions Magdalen's appetite would have terrified those feeble sentimentalists who affect to ignore the all-important influence which female feeding exerts in the production of female beauty. On this occasion she refused one dish after another with a resolution which implied the rarest of all modern martyrdoms—gastric martyrdom. "I have conceived the part of Lucy," she observed, with the demurest gravity. "The next difficulty is to make Frank conceive the part of Falkland. I see nothing to laugh at—you would all be serious enough if you had my responsibilities. No, papa—no wine today, thank you. I must keep my intelligence clear. Water, Thomas—and a little more jelly, I think, before you take it away."

When Frank presented himself in the evening, ignorant of the first elements of his part, she took him in hand, as a middle-aged schoolmistress might have taken in hand a backward little boy. The few attempts he made to vary the sternly practical nature of the evening's occupation by slipping in compliments sidelong she put away from her with the contemptuous self-possession of a woman of twice her age. She literally forced him into his part. Her father fell asleep in his chair. Mrs. Vanstone and Miss Garth lost their interest in the proceedings, retired to the farther end of the room, and spoke together in whispers. It grew later and later; and still Magdalen never flinched from her task—still, with equal perseverance, Norah, who had been on the watch all through the evening, kept on the watch to the end. The distrust darkened and darkened on her face as she looked at her sister and Frank; as she saw how close they sat together, devoted to the same interest and working to the same end. The clock on the mantlepiece pointed to half past eleven before Lucy the resolute permitted Falkland the helpless to shut up his task-book for the night. "She's wonderfully clever, isn't she?" said Frank, taking leave of Mr. Vanstone at the hall-door. "I'm to come to-morrow and hear more of her views—if you have no objection. I shall never do it; don't tell her I said so. As fast as she teaches me one speech, the other goes out of my head. Discouraging, isn't it? Good-night."

The next day but one was the day of the first full rehearsal. On the previous evening Mrs. Vanstone's spirits had been sadly depressed. At a private interview with Miss Garth she had referred again, of her own accord, to the subject of her letter from London—had spoken self-reproachfully of her weakness in admitting Captain Wragge's impudent claim to a family connection with her—and had then reverted to the state of her health, and to the doubtful prospect that awaited her in the coming summer, in a tone of despondency which it was very distressing to hear. Anxious to cheer her spirits, Miss Garth had changed the conversation as soon as possible—had referred to the approaching theatrical performance—and had relieved Mrs. Vanstone's mind of all anxiety in that direction, by announcing her intention of accompany Magdalen to each rehearsal, and of not losing sight of her until she was safely back again in her father's house. Accordingly, when Frank presented himself at Combe-Raven on the eventful morning, there stood Miss Garth prepared—in the interpolated character of Argus—to accompany Lucy and Falkland to the scene of trial. The railway conveyed the three, in excellent time, to Evergreen Lodge; and at one o'clock the rehearsal began.

CHAPTER VI.

"I HOPE Miss Vanstone knows her part?" whispered Mrs. Marrable, anxiously addressing herself to Miss Garth, in a corner of the theatre.

"If airs and graces make an actress, ma'am, Magdalen's performance will astonish us all." With that reply Miss Garth took out her work and seated herself, on guard, in the centre of the pit.

The manager perched himself, book in hand, on a stool close in front of the stage. He was an active little man, of a sweet and cheerful temper; and he gave the signal to begin with as patient an interest in the proceedings as if they had caused him no trouble in the past, and promised him no difficulty in the future. The two characters which open the comedy of The Rivals, "Fag" and the "Coachman," appeared on the scene—looked many sizes too tall for their canvas back-ground, which represented a "Street in Bath"—exhibited the customary inability to manage their own arms, legs, and voices—went out severally at the wrong exits—and expressed their perfect approval of results, so far, by laughing heartily behind the scenes. "Silence, gentlemen, if you please," remonstrated the cheerful manager. "As loud as you like on the stage, but the audience mustn't hear you *off* it. Miss Marrable ready? Miss Vanstone ready? Easy there with the 'Street in Bath;' it's going up crooked! Face this way, Miss Marrable; full face, if you please. Miss Vanstone—" He checked himself suddenly. "Curious," he said, under his breath—"she fronts the audience of her own accord!" Lucy opened the scene in these words: "Indeed, ma'am, I traversed half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I haven't been at." The manager started in his chair. "My heart alive! she speaks out without telling!" The dialogue went on. Lucy produced the novels for Miss Lydia Languish's private reading from under her cloak. The manager rose excitably to his feet. Marvelous! No hurry with the books; no dropping them. She looked at the titles before she announced them to her mistress; she set down "Humphry Clinker" on "The Tears of Sensibility" with a smart little smack which pointed the antithesis. One moment—and she announced Julia's visit; another—and she dropped the brisk waiting-maid's courtesy; a third—and she was off the stage instantly, on the side set down for her in the book. The manager wheeled round in his chair, and looked hard at Miss Garth. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said. "Miss Marrable told me, before we began, that this was the young lady's first attempt. It can't be, surely?"

"It *is*," replied Miss Garth, reflecting the manager's look of amazement in her own face. Was it possible that Magdalen's unintelligible industry in the study of her part really sprang from a serious interest in her occupation—an interest which implied a natural fitness for it?

The rehearsal went on. The stout lady with the wig (and the excellent heart) personated the sentimental Julia from an inveterately tragic point of view, and used her handkerchief distractedly in the first scene. The spinster-relative felt Mrs. Malaprop's mistakes in language so seriously, and took such extraordinary pains with her blunders, that they sounded more like exercises in elocution than any thing else. The unhappy lad who led the forlorn hope of the company, in the person of "Sir Antony Absolute," expressed the age and irascibility of his character by tottering incessantly at the knees, and thumping the stage perpetually with his stick. Slowly and clumsily, with constant interruptions and interminable mistakes, the first act dragged on, until Lucy appeared again to end it in soliloquy, with the confession of her assumed simplicity and the praise of her own cunning.

Here the stage artifice of the situation presented difficulties which Magdalen had not encountered in the first scene; and here her total want of experience led her into more than one palpable mistake. The stage-manager, with an eagerness which he had not shown in the case of any other member of the company, interfered immediately, and set her right. At one point she was to pause, and take a turn on the stage—she did it. At another she was to stop, toss her head, and look pertly at the audience—she did it. When she took out the paper to read the list of the presents she had received, could she give it a tap with her finger (Yes)? And lead off with a little laugh (Yes—after twice trying)? Could she read the different items with a sly look at the end of each sentence, straight at the pit (Yes, straight at the pit, and as sly as you please)? The manager's cheerful face beamed with approval. He tucked the play under his arm, and clapped his hands gayly; the gentlemen, clustered together behind the scenes, followed his example; the ladies looked at each other with dawning doubts whether they had not better have left the new recruit in the retirement of private life. Too deeply absorbed in the business of the stage to heed any of them, Magdalen asked leave to repeat the soliloquy, and make quite sure of her own improvement. She went all through it again, without a mistake this time, from beginning to end; the manager celebrating her attention to his directions by an outburst of professional approbation, which escaped him in spite of himself. "She can take a hint!" cried the little man, with a hearty smack of his hand on the prompt-book. "She's a born actress, if ever there was one yet!"

"I hope not," said Miss Garth to herself, taking up the work which had dropped into her lap, and looking down at it in some perplexity. Her worst apprehension of results in connection with the theatrical enterprise had foreboded levity of conduct with some of the gentlemen—she had not bargained for this. Magdalen, in the capacity of a thoughtless girl, was comparatively easy to deal with. Magdalen, in the character of a born actress, threatened serious future difficulties.

The rehearsal proceeded. Lucy returned to the stage for her scenes in the second act (the last in which she appears) with Sir Lucius and Fag. Here again Magdalen's inexperience betrayed itself—and here once more her resolution in attacking and conquering her own mistakes astonished every body. "Bravo!" cried the gentlemen behind the scenes, as she steadily trampled down one blunder after another. "Ridiculous!" said the ladies, "with such a small part as hers." "Heaven forgive me!" thought Miss Garth, coming round unwillingly to the general opinion. "I almost wish we were Papists, and had a convent to put her in to-morrow." One of Mr. Marrable's servants entered the theatre as that desperate aspiration escaped the governess. She instantly sent the man behind the scenes with a message: "Miss Vanstone has done her part in the rehearsal: request her to come here and sit by me." The servant returned with a polite apology: "Miss Vanstone's kind love, and she begs to be excused—she's prompting Mr. Clare." She prompted him to such purpose that he actually got through his part. The performances of the other gentlemen were obtrusively imbecile. Frank was just one degree better—he was modestly incapable; and he gained by comparison. "Thanks to Miss Vanstone," observed the manager, who had heard the prompting. "She pulled him through. We shall be flat enough at night, when the drop falls on the second act, and the audience have seen the last of her. It's a thousand pities she hasn't got a better part!"

"It's a thousand mercies she's no more to do than she has," muttered Miss Garth, overhearing him. "As things are, the people can't well turn her head with applause. She's out of the play in the second act—that's one comfort!"

No well-regulated mind ever draws its inferences in a hurry; Miss Garth's mind was well-regulated; therefore, logically speaking, Miss Garth ought to have been superior to the weakness of rushing at conclusions. She had committed that error, nevertheless, under present circumstances. In plainer terms, the consoling reflection which had just occurred to her assumed that the play had by this time survived all its disasters, and entered on its long-deferred career of success. The play had done nothing of the sort. Misfortune and the Marrable family had not parted company yet.

When the rehearsal was over, nobody observed that the stout lady with the wig privately withdrew herself from the company; and when she was afterward missed from the table of refreshments, which Mr. Marrable's hospitality kept ready spread in a room near the theatre, nobody imagined that there was any serious reason for her absence. It was not till the ladies and gentlemen assembled for the next rehearsal that the true state of the case was impressed on the minds of the company. At the appointed hour no Julia appeared. In her stead Mrs. Marrable portentously approached the stage with an open letter in her hand. She was naturally a lady of the mildest good-breeding; she was mistress of every bland conventionality in the English language—but disasters and dramatic influences combined threw even this harmless matron off her balance at last. For the first time in her life Mrs. Marrable indulged in vehement gesture and used strong language. She handed the letter sternly, at arm's-length, to her daughter. "My dear," she said, with an aspect of awful composure, "we are under a Curse." Before the amazed dramatic company could petition for an explanation she turned and left the room. The manager's professional eye followed her out respectfully—he looked as if he approved of the exit, from a theatrical point of view.

What new misfortune had befallen the play? The last and worst of all misfortunes had assailed it. The stout lady had resigned her part.

Not maliciously. Her heart, which had been in the right place throughout, remained inflexibly in the right place still. Her explanation of the circumstances proved this, if nothing else did. The letter began with a statement: She had overheard at the last rehearsal (quite unintentionally) personal remarks of which she was the subject. They might, or might not, have had reference to her—Hair, and her—Figure. She would not distress Mrs. Marrable by repeating them. Neither would she mention names, because it was foreign to her nature to make bad worse. The only course at all consistent with her own self-respect was to resign her part. She inclosed it accordingly to Mrs. Marrable, with many apologies for her presumption in undertaking a youthful character at—what a gentleman was pleased to term—her Age; and with what two ladies were rude enough to characterize as her disadvantages of—Hair, and—Figure. A younger and more attractive representative of Julia would no doubt be easily found. In the mean time all persons concerned had her full forgiveness; to which she would only beg leave to add her best and kindest wishes for the success of the play.

In four nights more the play was to be performed. If ever any human enterprise stood in need of good wishes to help it, that enterprise was unquestionably the theatrical entertainment at Evergreen Lodge!

One arm-chair was allowed on the stage; and into that arm-chair Miss Marrable sank, preparatory to a fit of hysterics. Magdalen stepped forward at the first convulsion, snatched the letter from Miss Marrable's hand, and stopped the threatened catastrophe.

"She's an ugly, bald-headed, malicious, middle-aged wretch," said Magdalen, tearing the letter into fragments, and tossing them over the heads of the company. "But I can tell her one thing—she sha'n't spoil the play. I'll act Julia."

"Bravo!" cried the chorus of gentlemen—the anonymous gentleman who had helped to do the mischief (otherwise Mr. Francis Clare) loudest of all.

"If you want the truth I don't shrink from owning it," continued Magdalen. "I'm one of the ladies she means. I said she had a head like a mop and a waist like a bolster. So she has."

"I am the other lady," added the spinster-relative. "But *I* only said she was too stout for the part."

"I am the gentleman," chimed in Frank, stimulated by the force of example. "I said nothing—I only agreed with the ladies."

Here Miss Garth seized her opportunity, and addressed the stage loudly from the pit.

"Stop! stop!" she said. "You can't settle the difficulty in that way. If Magdalen plays Julia, who is to play Lucy?"

Miss Marrable sank back in the arm-chair and gave way to the second convulsion.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Magdalen, "the thing's simple enough. I'll act Julia and Lucy both together."

The manager was consulted on the spot. Suppressing Lucy's first entrance, and turning the short dialogue about the novels into a soliloquy for Lydia Languish, appeared to be the only changes of importance necessary to the accomplishment of Magdalen's project. Lucy's two telling scenes, at the end of the first and second acts, were sufficiently removed from the scenes in which Julia appeared to give time for the necessary transformations in dress. Even Miss Garth, though she tried hard to find them, could put no fresh obstacles in the way. The question was settled in five minutes, and the rehearsal went on; Magdalen learning Julia's stage situations with the book in her hand, and announcing afterward, on the journey home, that she proposed sitting up all night to study the new part. Frank thereupon expressed his fears that she would have no time left to help him through his theatrical difficulties. She tapped him on the shoulder coquettishly with her part. "You foolish fellow, how am I to do without you? You're Julia's jealous lover; you're always making Julia cry. Come to-night, and make me cry at tea-time. You haven't got a venomous old woman in a wig to act with now. It's *my* heart you're to break—and of course I shall teach you how to do it."

The four days' interval passed busily in perpetual rehearsals, public and private. The night of performance arrived; the guests assembled; the great dramatic experiment stood on its trial. Magdalen had made the most of her opportunities; she had learned all that the manager could teach her in the time. Miss Garth left her when the overture began, sitting apart in a corner behind the scenes, serious and silent, with her smelling-bottle in one hand and her book in the other, resolutely training herself for the coming ordeal to the very last.

The play began, with all the proper accompaniments of a theatrical performance in private life; with a crowded audience, an African temperature, a bursting of heated lamp-glasses, and a difficulty in drawing up the curtain. "Fag" and "the Coachman," who opened the scene, took leave of their memories as soon as they stepped on the stage; left half their dialogue unspoken; came to a dead pause; were audibly entreated by the invisible manager to "come off;" and went off accordingly, in every respect sadder and wiser men than when they went on. The next scene disclosed Miss Marrable as "Lydia Languish," gracefully seated, very pretty, beautifully dressed, accurately mistress of the smallest words in her part; possessed, in short, of every personal resource—except her voice. The ladies admired, the gentlemen applauded. Nobody heard any thing but the words "Speak up, Miss," whispered by the same voice which had already entreated Fag and the Coachman to "come off." A responsive titter rose among the younger spectators, checked immediately by magnanimous applause. The temperature of the audience was rising to Blood Heat—but the national sense of fair play was not boiled out of them yet.

In the midst of the demonstration Magdalen quietly made her first entrance, as "Julia." She was dressed very plainly in dark colors, and wore her own hair; all stage adjuncts and alterations (excepting the slightest possible touch of rouge on her cheeks) having been kept in reserve, to disguise her the more effectually in her second part. The grace and simplicity of her costume, the steady self-possession with which she looked out over the eager rows of faces before her, raised a low hum of approval and expectation. She spoke—after suppressing a momentary tremor—with a quiet distinctness of utterance which reached all ears, and which at once confirmed the favorable impression that her appearance had produced. The one member of the audience who looked at her and listened to her coldly was her elder sister. Before the actress of the evening had been five minutes on the stage, Norah detected, to her own indescribable astonishment, that Magdalen had audaciously individualized the feeble amiability of "Julia's" character by seizing no less a person than herself as the model to act it by. She saw all her own little formal peculiarities of manner and movement unblushingly reproduced—and even the very tone of her voice so accurately mimicked from time to time that the accents startled her as if she was speaking herself, with an echo on the stage. The effect of this cool appropriation of Norah's identity to theatrical purposes on the audience—who only saw results—asserted itself in a storm of applause on Magdalen's exit. She had won two incontestible triumphs in her first scene. By a dextrous piece of mimicry she had made a living reality of one of the most insipid characters in the English drama, and she had roused to enthusiasm an audience of two hundred exiles from the blessings of ventilation, all simmering together

in their own animal heat. Under the circumstances, where is the actress by profession who could have done much more?

But the event of the evening was still to come. Magdalen's disguised reappearance at the end of the act, in the character of "Lucy"—with false hair and false eyebrows, with a bright-red complexion and patches on her cheeks, with the gayest colors flaunting in her dress, and the shrillest vivacity of voice and manner—fairly staggered the audience. They looked down at their programmes, in which the representative of Lucy figured under an assumed name; looked up again at the stage; penetrated the disguise; and vented their astonishment in another round of applause, louder and heartier even than the last. Norah herself could not deny this time that the tribute of approbation had been well deserved. There, forcing its way steadily through all the faults of inexperience—there, plainly visible to the dullest of the spectators, was the rare faculty of dramatic impersonation, expressing itself, in every look and action of this girl of eighteen, who now stood on a stage for the first time in her life. Failing in many minor requisites of the double task which she had undertaken, she succeeded in the one important necessity of keeping the main distinctions of the two characters thoroughly apart. Every body felt that the difficulty lay here—every body saw the difficulty conquered—every body echoed the manager's enthusiasm at rehearsal, which had hailed her as a born actress.

When the drop-scene descended for the first time Magdalen had concentrated in herself the whole interest and attraction of the play. The audience politely applauded Miss Marrable, as became the guests assembled in her father's house; and good-humoredly encouraged the remainder of the company, to help them through a task for which they were all, more or less, palpably unfit. But as the play proceeded nothing roused them to any genuine expression of interest when Magdalen was absent from the scene. There was no disguising it: Miss Marrable and her bosom friends had been all hopelessly cast in the shade by the new recruit whom they had summoned to assist them in the capacity of forlorn hope. And this on Miss Marrable's own birthday! and this in her father's house! and this after the unutterable sacrifices of six weeks past! Of all the domestic disasters which the thankless theatrical enterprise had inflicted on the Marrable family, the crowning misfortune was now consummated by Magdalen's success.

Leaving Mr. Vanstone and Norah, on the conclusion of the play, among the guests in the supper-room, Miss Garth went behind the scenes; ostensibly anxious to see if she could be of any use; really bent on ascertaining whether Magdalen's head had been turned by the triumphs of the evening. It would not have surprised Miss Garth if she had discovered her pupil in the act of making terms with the manager for her forthcoming appearance in a public theatre. As events really turned out she found Magdalen on the stage, receiving with gracious smiles a card which the manager presented to her with a professional bow. Noticing Miss Garth's mute look of inquiry, the civil little man hastened to explain that the card was his own, and that he was merely asking the favor of Miss Vanstone's recommendation at any future opportunity.

"This is not the last time the young lady will be concerned in private theatricals, I'll answer for it," said the manager. "And if a superintendent is wanted on the next occasion, she has kindly promised to say a good word for me. I am always to be heard of, Miss, at that address." Saying those words, he bowed again, and discreetly disappeared.

Vague suspicions beset the mind of Miss Garth, and urged her to insist on looking at the card. No more harmless morsel of pasteboard was ever passed from one hand to another. The card contained nothing but the manager's name, and, under it, the name and address of a theatrical agent in London.

"It is not worth the trouble of keeping," said Miss Garth.

Magdalen caught her hand before she could throw the card away—possessed herself of it the next instant—and put it in her pocket.

"I promised to recommend him," she said—"and that's one reason for keeping his card. If it does nothing else, it will remind me of the happiest evening of my life—and that's another. Come!" she cried, throwing her arms round Miss Garth with a feverish gayety—"congratulate me on my success!"

"I will congratulate you when you have got over it," said Miss Garth.

In half an hour more Magdalen had changed her dress, had joined the guests, and had soared into an atmosphere of congratulation high above the reach of any controlling influence that Miss Garth could exercise. Frank, dilatory in all his proceedings, was the last of the dramatic company who left the precincts of the stage. He made no attempt to join Magdalen in the supper-room—but he was ready in the hall, with her cloak, when the carriages were called and the party broke up.

"Oh, Frank!" she said, looking round at him, as he put the cloak on her shoulders, "I am so sorry it's all over! Come to-morrow morning and let's talk about it by ourselves."

"In the shrubbery at ten?" asked Frank, in a whisper.

She drew up the hood of her cloak and nodded to him gayly. Miss Garth, standing near, noticed the looks that passed between them, though the disturbance made by the parting guests prevented her from hearing the words. There was a soft, underlying tenderness in Magdalen's assumed gayety of manner—there was a sudden thoughtfulness in her face, a confidential readiness in her hand, as she took Frank's arm and went out to the carriage. What did it mean? Had her passing interest in him, as her stage-pupil, treacherously sown the seeds of any deeper interest in him as a man? Had the idle theatrical scheme, now that it was all over, graver results to answer for than a mischievous waste of time?

The lines on Miss Garth's face deepened and hardened: she stood lost among the fluttering crowd around her. Norah's warning words, addressed to Mrs. Vanstone in the garden, recurred to her memory—and now, for the first time, the idea dawned on her that Norah had seen consequences in their true light.

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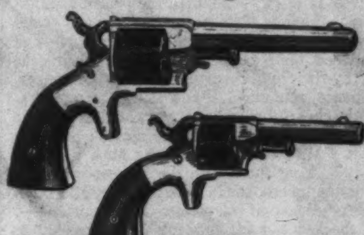

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